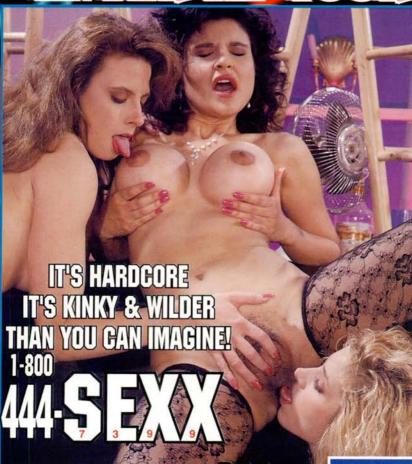


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HUSTLER

Volume 22 Number 9

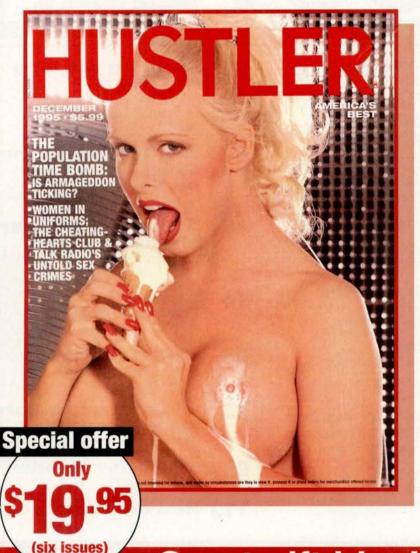
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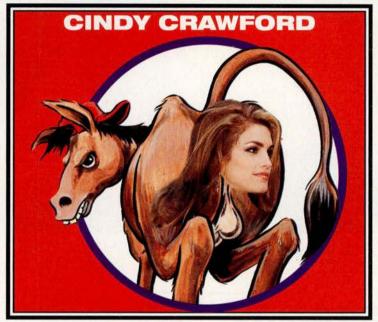


ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

The penis is an up-and-at-'em appendage, always willing to venture into dark, stinky places. Instinctually, the healthy male's cock is drawn to the most filthy hole of all. The primal erection is a throbbing divining rod. strangely mesmerized by the taboo of invading and stirring up a tightly clenched female body chamber that is a way station for passing poop. The dutiful penis is always ready and throbbing for pounding anal sex, particularly when the butthole of desire is Cindy Crawford, a "super" model, and HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for February 1996.

If every guy who dreamed about fucking Cindy Crawford were to die suddenly, then Cindy Crawford would have no mooks to sell Pepsi to, no dweeps to watch her MTV House of Style show, no flab-butt dinks breaking a sweat over her peppy workout videos, no dipshits lining up to catch a glimpse of Crawford tit in her Fair Game feature-film debut, and no pussywhipped editors at dickless publications such as Esquire and Playboy to slaver and fawn all over Cindy Crawford without ever asking her the one question that matters: "Cindy, when are you going to show us what it feels like as our dick slips up into your tight, \$6.5-million-dollara-year asshole?"

Anybody who has turned on a TV or picked up a magazine in the past two years knows all there is to know about Cindy Crawford. In summary, she had a tough Midwest childhood and a straight-A highschool career; she prides herself on her business savvy, and she was



married to graying 1980s movie star Richard Gere.

In 1994, shortly before their separation and divorce proceedings, Crawford and Gere took a paid ad in the London Times to let a world that didn't really care know that "There are no plans, nor have there ever been any plans, for divorce. We remain very married." But not married for "very" long.

The public statement of private bullshit also boasted that Dick and Cindy "will continue to support 'difficult' causes such as AIDS research and treatment." Finding a cure for AIDS is not a cause that meets a lot of "difficult" opposition.

"I'm for gun control; I don't want to promote people running around with guns," pontificated Crawford in a 1993 interview. In 1995, the promotional clips for Fair Game showed idealist-activist Cindy running around with guns.

The true cause that Cindy Crawford is devoted to is the problem of further expanding her product placement, that product being Cindy Crawford.

Seldom in the history of meaningless human endeavor has so little of merit been so much overexposed. The only two remaining points of interest in Cindy Crawford are the same two points of interest that accounted for her original mystique: Her cunt and her asshole. Aside from these twin portals, nothing about Cindy Crawford holds any value for the thinking man, except perhaps her tits and the notion of getting a blowjob from her.

Sex is what sells Cindy Crawford, and sex is what Cindy Crawford is selling, albeit a hands-off kind of fantasy sex without ejaculation, penetration or the Cindy Crawford tongue, which her fans know can reach the tip of her nose, squirming wet and hot up the fantasizer's asshole.

Though the universal craving for a fuck has made Crawford a very rich 29-year-old, she harbors a queerly anti-sex bias. Criticizing Calvin Klein model Kate Moss and entertainer Madonna for using nudity to make money, Crawford, who has been photographed naked many times at a great profit, carped: "Some things cross the line. Not everything's for sale."

But most things are negotiable, judging from Cindy's agreement to fake a screw in *Fair Game*. "If I had an objection, they would cut it out. I have it on paper. I don't want to be exploited." She refused to do a shower scene: "As far as I was concerned, it wasn't necessary."

The movie sucks. It needs a shower scene.

Crawford allowed that makebelieve boning lasts much longer than her real-life encounters, which are over in a matter of "seconds." If we conclude that Cindy Crawford has admitted to being a lousy lay, then what is her appeal?

Says Crawford: "I'm the sexy girl guys want to marry."

To HUSTLER, Cindy, you are the Asshole, and you're getting fat.

Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman: 💶 🚾

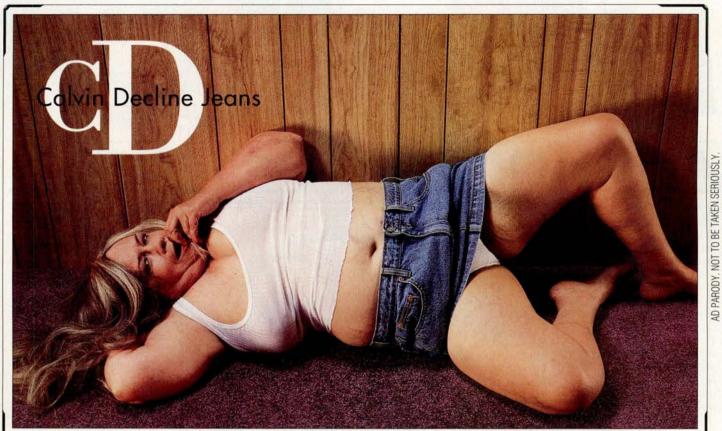
Best known as the spiritual leader behind the fools who bombed New York City's World Trade Center a few years back, Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman was recently convicted of plotting a religious war against the United States. We've got enough problems with our home-grown Fundamentalist warriors, from

Farts in the Wind

Pat Robertson to Jerry Falwell to Ralph Reed. All foreign Assholes of God, please stay home.

The O. J. Jurors: The evidence has been piling up steadily since the first juror abandoned his post and sold his story to People magazine. Now that the not-guilty verdict has been rendered, in record time, the circus has expanded into

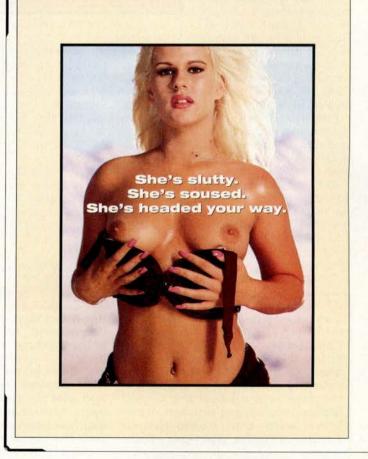
wider arenas. People who can hardly read are negotiating book deals. One juror is set to pose nude for *Playboy*. Another was reported to have confided in a relative that she believed O. J. was guilty after all. Our deliberations were even quicker than theirs, and we've reached a unanimous verdict: The O. J. jurors are 12 mangy Assholes.



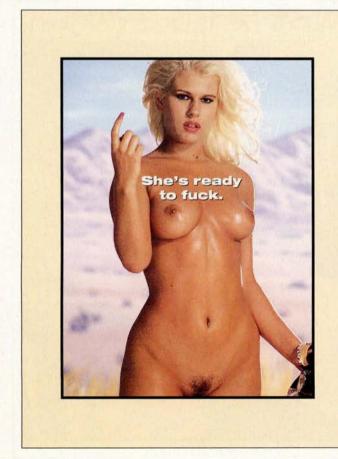
"Pretty old there, aren't you? You really smell.... Take your teeth out! Think you can manage to walk over here? Tremble for me."

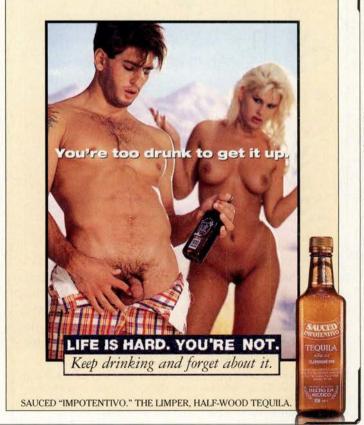


For the love of girls, come again to CHIC. HUSTLER's kissing cousin celebrates its 20th anniversary this year with a wide-open, new slant. CHIC Magazine still features lavish photography of the loveliest and liveliest ladies from across the globe. CHIC's pictorials have always been hot; now they're hot and sweet. Check your local newsstand or call 1-800-328-6704 to snatch a copy of the all-new CHIC. CHIC Magazine—It's like having sex for the first time...every single month.



"You don't like this, do you? You're scared, aren't you? Are you going to tell me it hurts? Go ahead and scream.... I'm almost done. Are you happy now?"





AD PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SSERIOUSLY

AD PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

Packwood's Golden Parachute

Don't feel too sorry for Bob Packwood. Just because an Ethics Committee forced the stink-fingered Senator from Oregon to resign from the U.S. Congress in a flurry of sexual misconduct charges doesn't mean Packwood will be scamming chicks at the unemployment office. Here are just a few of the job titles available to self-described "binge" drinkers with a little determination, and a whole lot of hormones.

🦵 Roman Catholic priest.

Boy Scout troop leader.

🦰 Calvin Klein's new ad director.

Foster father.

Intern at the Covenant House.

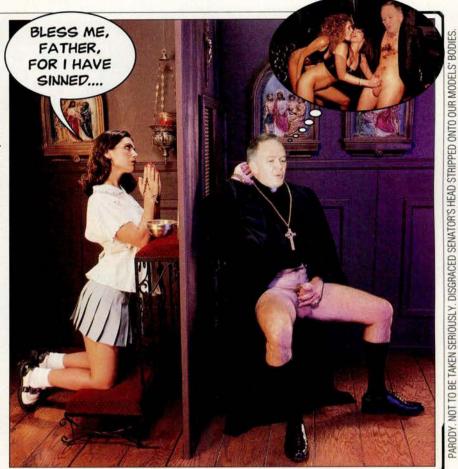
Chairman of the United Way.

Mop boy at Stan's Suck & Spit Splooge Saloon.

Spiritual adviser to Mike Tyson.

Social secretary to Woody Allen.

Dream team with Mel Reynolds and Marion Barry.

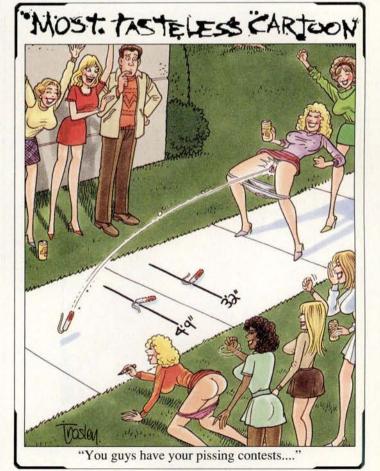


Porn man Past



Naughty girls need love too, along with hair-pulling, spanking, and whatever sexy discipline this domineering beauty can dream up in her raven-tressed head. The sight of an imperiled bare bottom doubtlessly sent our forefathers yanking their puds as violently as this bully broad yanks mane.

Thanks and \$150 to Mike Kaplan for sharing a most whackable bad hair day. Send archival smut submissions to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills CA, 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



HUSTLER's Venomous Valentines

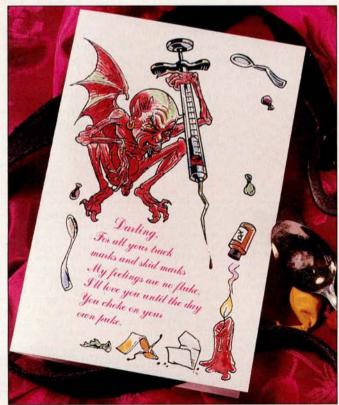
On Valentine's Day, some very special women deserve more than a generic greeting card.



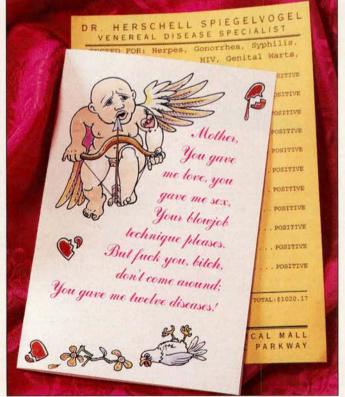
Valentine for the Woman Who Won't Fuck You



Valentine From a Stalker

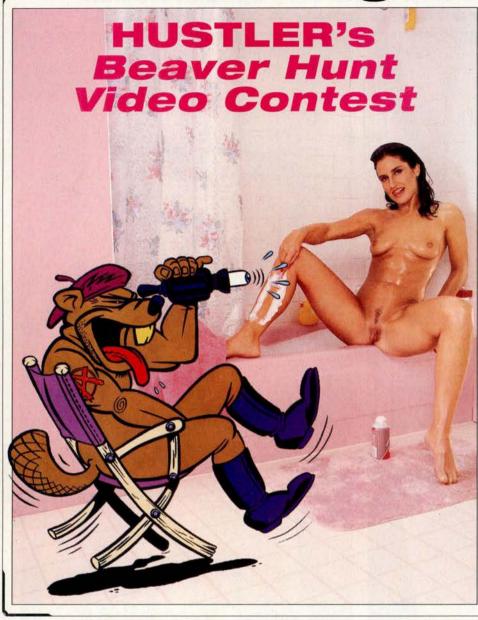


Valentine for the Junkie Woman



Valentine for the Woman You Don't Want to Fuck Anymore

A..nouncing...



Each generation, a call is sounded for the best and the brightest to step forth, open up, and give of themselves to an appreciative mankind. The arrival of HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt Video Contest gives women of every race, creed and color an opportunity to take it all off, and show a nation what they're made of-without the hassle of sending film to be developed, or dealing with the creep behind a Photo Mart's counter. Simply throw a VHS tape into the camcorder, and capture your Beaver doing what Beaver does best-whether it's fucking, masturbating, being shaved, being sucked, or simply looking pretty. HUSTLER wants to see readers in action, and the only limits are your kinky imagination! All participants must fill out the Model Release Form below (make photocopies of the Form for friends if activities turn to group sex). Be sure to include copies of two forms of identification for everyone on camera, and send your entry to Beaver Hunt Video Contest, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. The hottest tapes of the finest ladies will be chosen for the upcoming Beaver Hunt Video series, and the winning gals receive \$250-in addition to a shot at the annual \$5,000 Grand Prize. It's time for Beaver Hunt TV; let the cameras roll, and join in America's cunniest home videos!

Amateur Video Contest * WIN \$5,000 CASH!

MODEL RELEASE / ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt Video Contest you must fill out and send this release and COPIES OF TWO FORMS OF ID, ONE WITH PHOTO (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send a videotape in the VHS format. All videotapes become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine, which buys all rights in perpetuity to footage compiled for the Beaver Hunt Video series. If your video is chosen, you'll win \$250. A Grand Prize Winner will be awarded \$5,000, and Grand Prize Finalists receive \$1,500 each. The award for the Grand Prize Winner's cameraperson is \$500, and Finalists' camerapersons win \$250. Send videos, IDs and releases to HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt Video Contest, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

PLEASE PRINT

Model's name Any alias or nickname for video		Hobbies			
		Sexual Fantasies (Include separate sheet if necessary)			
Date of birth Phone (include area code)					
Model's social security number					THE
Address			Photographer		
City	State	Zip	Address		
Occupation			City	State	Zip

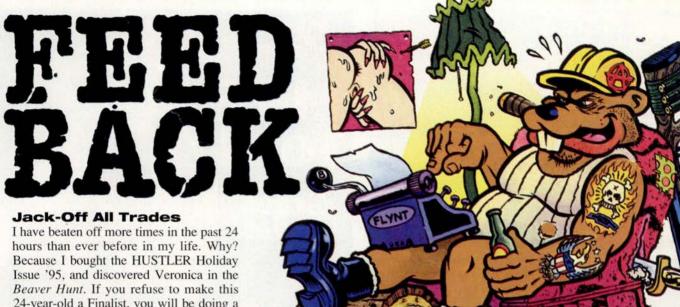
NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY. In consideration of \$250, I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affili-

In consideration of \$250, I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, full worldwide rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or distribute any video footage of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or additions whatsoever to such video footage, photographs, portraits or any of the above information, whether true or fictional. I understand that my footage will be accompanied by commentary and can be distributed with other affiliated videos, and that my image can be published in HUSTLER-affiliated magazines. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's legal signature



24-year-old a Finalist, you will be doing a great disservice to her-and me! Remember, the customer is always right. -M. Q. Spring Valley, New York

When it comes to Beaver Hunt, M. Q., every vote counts. Keep your fingers crossed for Veronica (if you can keep them away from your cock long enough). No matter who wins, remember this: At HUSTLER, the customer is always hard.

Pregnant Pause

I have been an avid reader for years, and I have not seen one layout of a pregnant woman. I did see a couple of pregnant women in a HUSTLER videotape review titled "Naked, Knocked-Up and Nailed on Camera" (Erotic Entertainment, Holiday Issue '95). I have always wanted to fuck a pregnant woman, and was wondering when we could expect a pregnant layout of Corky (Corky: Piece and Love, Holiday Issue '95) and also Kianna (Jason and Kianna: Jungle Hop, Holiday Issue '95). I have always dreamed of seeing a layout like Corky. Keep it up HUSTLER. You're the #1 magazine in -S. M. my bedroom.

Mineral Point, Missouri

Maybe S. M. wasn't reading avidly enough. HUSTLER's November '94 issue featured a most comely poppin' mama in the buff (Kelly: Knocked-up Knockout, November '94).

All Shook Up

My boyfriend came over with the November '95 issue of HUSTLER. A cartoon on page 65 shows the abuse of two dogs. Do you really think this is funny? On page 51 and 88 you trash Michael Jackson and Lisa Marie Presley. How could you? I am white, middle class and 43. Michael Jackson has been a shining light of coolness for all races. Elvis Presley gave us the most beautiful music ever. He was kind and religious and generous. How can you trash his little girl? How could you? -K. C.

Salt Lake City, Utah

No one is immune from HUSTLER's satirical jabs, K. C., no matter how wealthy, prominent, or plastic-surgery scarred.



Corky: Piece and Love

Veteran Reader

I want to commend you on the cartoons spoofing the Asshole of the House, Newt Hitler-excuse me, I mean Newt Gingrich. That little Republican cur needs to be taken down a notch or two. The way I see it, it's high fuckin' time somebody stood up for our God-given rights. If Newt has a problem with a little porno, he should join a monastery. As an American and a Libertarian, I have the right to look at whatever I please. If I want to go to the titty bar and stuff a five into a 19-yearold's garter, that's my business. Same thing if I want to whack off to a copy of HUSTLER. I didn't lose half my leg in Vietnam so that fucked-up asses such as Gingrich and Jesse Helms could take away my rights. Two of my brothers are listed as MIAs from that war, and for what? Sure as shit stinks, not for this. While it's true minors have no legitimate role in pornography, all adults have the right to view whatever they care to. —J. H.

Arlington, Virginia

11

Glad to have you on HUSTLER's side, J. H.

Beaver Madness

One day an employee offered to buy me an adult magazine on his lunch break. I asked for something a little different than Playboy and Penthouse. He came back with the June '95 issue of HUSTLER. I was so awestruck at the Beaver Hunt, I subscribed to HUSTLER the very next day! Why don't you sell videotapes of the (continued on page 15)

HUSTLER FEBRUARY







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MAKE ME BEG!

" FUCK ME I NEED IT BAD, AND I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT!"

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"Get On Your Knees!... ...You Bad Boy And Call NOW! Histress

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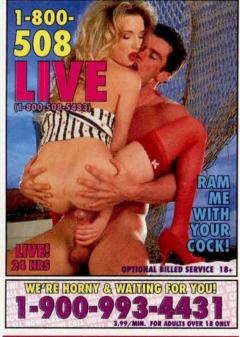
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> 1-900-₍₇₈₂₅₎ 230-SUCK

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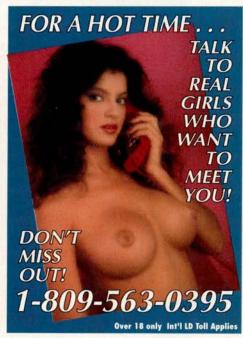
















Wanna Fuck? Me Too! I can hardly wait to feel your hard, throbbing dick inside me. I'm bent over and ready for you - just imagine your big hard cock in my light. hard cock in my tight small hole! I want you now! Call and cum.



1-800-573-MEET

We're two nympho sluts and we want you to join us for a ball draining, fucking orgy. We started without you so our pusssies are wet and ready for your hard

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cock to pound deep inside us.

1-618-668-4746



You Must Be 18+ To Call!

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 11)

Beavers? Make a one-hour tape with the Finalists and the Grand Prize Winner; readers will go nuts for a tape of these foxy ladies at home. Sales will be so good that you should give me a piece of the profits. The non-airbrushed, real-live daughters, wives and mothers help sell your magazine. Keep the girls next door coming for another 20 years.

—F. S.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sorry you didn't suggest the idea early enough to get in on a profit-sharing plan, F. S., but a <u>Beaver Hunt</u> Video Contest is already in the works. See page 10 of this issue for more details.

Triumph of the Swill

Author James Harris addressed the dilemma of overpopulation in the December '95 issue of HUSTLER (The More the Merrier: Is World Overpopulation a Myth?, December '95). I would like to add a few comments. The problem is not the number of people inhabiting the planet, but rather the quality of people. With the proper economic policies, we could sustain a much larger population than the one we have now, at a high standard of living-no matter what the eco-nuts claim. However, this is only possible with a complete rejection of the current trend in economic policy, which is turning America into a Third World feeding and breeding zone. Unfortunately, we have more problemmakers in the world than problemsolvers. The population must increase, but it must be the White population which is increasing. We need less of the Third World scum currently breeding like maggots under the rotten wood of present society. Wake up, white people! If you want to live in a clean, orderly, prosperous world, full of beautiful white women, take a stand for your own kind. -C. W. Hail HUSTLER!

Pearl River, New York

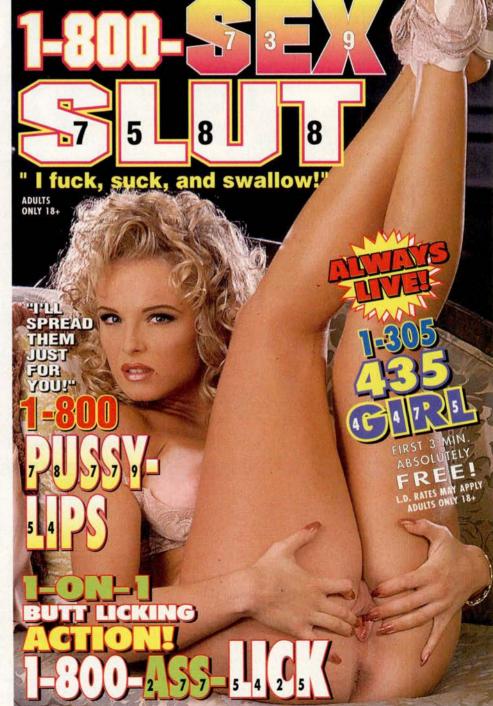
Sounds a little bit like "Heil HUSTLER," C. W. Take a look around this Land of the Free, and you'll notice beautiful women of every color.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER <u>Feedback</u>, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

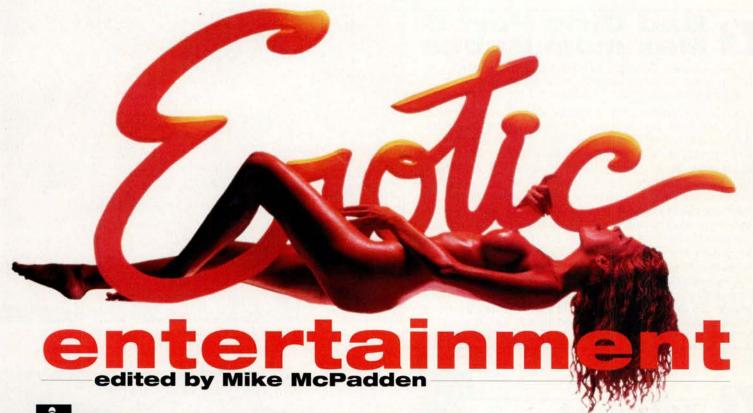
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Latex

FULLY ERECT. Directed by Michael Ninn; starring Sunset Thomas, Jeanna Fine, Tiffany Million, Lacey Rose, Barbara Doll, Debi Diamond, Juli Ashton, Tasha Blades, Emerald Estrada, Jordan Lee, Zack Adams, Colt Steele, Richie Razor, Cal Jammer, Vince Voyeur, Tom Byron and Jon Dough. Videocassette: VCA.

Optically overwhelming, erotically charged and engaging for every knockout minute of its running time, Michael Ninn's Latex is a true porn eventthe flowering of its director's heretofore misused gift for high-tech pizazz (don't see last year's Sex and Sex 2), and the first (so far only) XXX movie to properly approach the mind-bending, lap-igniting possibilities of the cyberfuck universe. Jon Dough plays a psychic whose dangerous visions, which he culls from the minds around him, propel the story forward: We see Tiffany Million butt-fucked in an insane asylum, an army of rubber-encased girl lovers lick each other deliriously, Eisenhower-era housewife Sunset Thomas tail-nailed over a sudsy sink, talk-show siren Juli Ashton simultaneously fucked in snatch and ass, and a long, arena-set finale that marries Nuremberg, Mortal Kombat and an impossibly hot orgy of atrocities in which Jeanna Fine shines. Latex's script is not perfect, but the ambition on display is an achievement in itself, making Michael Ninn's Latex gripping, dazzling, state-of-the-orgasm adult entertainment. -Mike McPadden

LATEX: An impossibly hot orgy of atrocities.

LATEX: Bubble-boobed lezzies in lick-fest.



Bad Girls Part 5: Maximum Babes

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Paul Norman; starring Dyanna Lauren, Brittany Andrews, Sindee Coxx, Jeanna Fine, Kaitlyn Ashley, Melissa Monet, Jill Kelly, Rebecca Bardoux, Bobby Vitale, T. T. Boy and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Vivid.

In this fifth installment of his chicks-in-jail Bad Girls series, XXX helmsman Paul Norman is filming up to the level of his Vivid Video cohort, director Paul Thomas. Though he is often and furiously reviled for his ham-fisted plotting, Paul Thomas, to his credit, has long held production values to be a priority. His shows generally look very good, and Norman's Maximum Babes is on a par with the Thomas standard. Plus, the slim and salacious chicks of Maximum have a lot of sex, all the time. A dreamy prisoner dreams of blowing her man next to a stream in the great outdoors; back in harsh reality, two study prison employees dick a writhing sweet-cake inmate, coating her face with official-issue glaze. A locked-down blonde visualizes a bygone poke beneath a tree back in the days when splooge came free. A three-blonde blend of snizz and digits covers for an escape of four slits with two dicks to a grassy, campsite setting where freedom means deep anal and thick facials. Norman's Babes is almost worth a maximum rating. —Christian Shapiro



MAXIMUM BABES: Butt-boned to the max.

Babenet

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Sunset Thomas, Patricia Kennedy, Felecia, Kirsty Waay, Krista Maze, Jessica James, Sweetie Pie, Peter North, Tony Tedeschi, Blake Palmer, Zachary Adams, T. T. Boy and Jon Dough. Videocassette: VCA.

This is the movie: Babenet. Parody of Dragnet. Jon Dough is Joe Thursday. He's a cop. His joke name is lame. Overall, the script is funny. Surprising. The direction, by one Jim Enright, is almost good. Very surprising. The story follows Thursday and his partner as they pursue Sunset Thomas, She's missing. She's hot, Sunset falls in with a Hollywood prostie ring, run by one Happy Floss (Felecia). Victimless assault with a strap-on dildo ensues. It's nice. Officer Peter North pumps pastry-filling on secretary Kirsty Waay. Usual suspect T.T. Boy spunks on a donut. Literally. Jessica James eats it. Voraciously. A commune of fucking hippies gets the talking to it needs. After they fuck. At last, Sunset turns up. She offers tail to Thursday. He's a good cop—good and horny. Babenet is a clever, comedic, cum-coaxing, clitclicking, cajone-clapper of a cooze concoction. Just the facts, man. —Selwyn Harris



BABENET: Cool, comely cooch under arrest.

Cumm Brothers #9: Chewin' the Bush

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Rodney Moore; starring Samantha Bush, Paige Hamilton, Wolf Savage, Rodney Moore, Nicole, and Broom Hilda. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

Anyone who believes that beauty is an element in great, or even effective, pornography should keep his weak stomach away from *Cumm Brothers #9*. A series of gross-out fucks perpetrated by white freak Rodney Moore (the King of Cream) in league with black geek Wolf Savage (the Human Goo Gusher), *Cumm 9* is as ugly does. The ejaculations are horrifying. A woman, any of these women, trembles, mouth open like a dead

fish's, eyelids flinching upon stark orbs of revulsion, nostrils reflexively clenched as if from a stream of escaping sewer fumes. Suddenly, a lagoon of chalky viscous testicle curd spreads across the cowering cunt's twitching mug. Sure, the degradation and all sounds great, and it might have been if the chicks could be looked at without wearing protective glasses. Cumm Brothers #9; there's nothing pretty about it. —C. S.



How does a frustrated palm-pounder profess devotion to the sin diva diving for crotches and cramming her orifices with pulsating body parts on his TV console? Simple: Drop her fan club a line. The following are direct-contact addresses for a sampling of today's most popular porn princesses.



VANESSA CHASE D.O.M. Corporation P.O. Box 9786 Marina Del Rey, CA 90295

ASHLYN GERE Box 33464 Las Vegas, NV 89133

9800D Topanga Canyon Boulevard #352 Chatsworth, CA 91311

> SHANE 8033 Sunset Boulevard #851 Hollywood, CA 90046

SUNSET THOMAS 21018 Osborne #5 Canoga Park, CA 91304

For a complete list of fuck stars' fan club addresses, pick up the December 1995 HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

Generation X

HALF ERECT. Directed by Paul Norman; starring Sindee Coxx, Nikole Lace, Roxanne Hall, Rebecca Bardoux, Kia, Alec Metro, Alex Sanders and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Wave.

If television's *Melrose Place* ever decides to go full-penetration hard-core with their love scenes, the fucking results won't be much better than jizz director Paul Norman's *Generation X*. The inhabitants of the *Generation X* apartment complex are all young artists, writers and performers who all happen to look like porn stars, and they act like it too. Fashionable photographer Tom Byron puts a shuddering bug up the bone holes of two model pussies, coming in

the face of the big-eyed Spanish lass. Alex Sanders jams condom-coated root into a baby-doll blonde; a single chick abandons her typewriter, looks out a window, and two chicks come in for cunt munching and a strap-on butt bang; a brunette in a hall puts a hand up her snatch with Sanders's dick up her ass; a chestnut blonde is ass-licked and snatched with a splooge drip squeezed on her outstretched tongue. *Generation X* generates sex.

—C. S

Little Girl Lost

HALF ERECT. Directed by Buck Adams; starring Rebecca Wild, Amanda Morrison, April, Melissa Hill, Jessica James, Yvonne, Bridget Monroe, Tony Martino, Dave Hardman and Buck Adams. Videocassette: Sin City.

Curiously, Little Girl Lost, the overwrought, dunderheaded hard-core retelling of the life and self-inflicted death of porn starlet Savannah, begins with this statement: "I'm director Buck Adams. This is my story." From there, Adams recounts his "intimate knowledge" of sad, doomed Shannon Michelle Wilsey (who changed her name to Savannah) in an endearingly inept fashion: The sex scenes are bogus, but the high drama is a hoot. A key tip-off to the quality of Little Girl Lost is the casting of scarred, hard-faced, inexpertly rebuilt Rebecca Wild in the lead role: She communicates Savannah's reportedly hard-to-take presence by being undeniably hard to look at. Wild is not the worst actress in the world (someone else in this cast probably is), and Adams is not the worst smutmaker, but Little Girl Lost is jaw-dropping, monolithically stupid exploitation, which at least makes it interesting and which also makes it more worthwhile than most other pornographic piffle currently polluting video-store shelves. Renting this idiocy would not necessarily be a couple of bucks Lost.

LITTLE GIRL LOST: Little slut's ass found.



HUSTLER FEBRUARY 19

6

Forbidden Fantasies

HALF ERECT. Uncredited Director; starring Kalina Lynx, Esa Marie, Thumper, Dalny Marga, Bruce Lei, Candy Apples and Don Fernando. Videocassette: Zane.

Though they've lost Max Hardcore to wherever he's gone, the sleaze mongers at Zane have not abandoned his monumental crudeness as an inspiration for their *Forbidden Fantasies*. Pussies stretched by four or six fingers, pried open by a two-hand grab, catching the light and turned to the camera so that the viewer can see up the chick's cunt clear to her dick-hammered tonsils—this unofficially trademarked Max Hardcore play is employed repeatedly throughout *Forbidden*

Fantasies, but only to Half Erect avail. Forbidden's big problem is that none of its fantasies are taboo, particularly imaginative or played out with sufficient ardency. The chicks involved wake up at the end of each fucking and discover the entire screw was a dream. In the Max Hardcore tapes, the chick was just as likely to wake up in a hospital and discover that the whole thing had been a nightmare. Forbidden Fantasies is a basic, acceptable reality.

—C. S.



Anal Maniacs 3

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Jonathan Morgan; starring Heather Lee, Tabitha, Missy, Stacy Nichols, Jake Steed, Tom Chapman and Jonathan Morgan. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Pretty girls, some with cartoonishly overinflated boobs, get fucked in the ass in *Anal Maniacs 3*. If that sounds good for a stroke, consider that porn annoyance Jonathan Morgan is manning the camera, and he does much of the onscreen bung-plunging. I hear America shriveling. Morgan's modus of irritation this time is to spoof *The Twilight Zone*, meaning that between *AM3*'s rotely executed sphincter-tappings, the asinine auteur impersonates Rod Serling saying "funny" stuff. Sexy, no? No, indeed, and despite the physical appeal of each ass-blasted lass—particularly nappy-headed nympho Tabitha and silicone-loaded Heather Lee—hand-humpers would be crazy to waste time with *Anal Maniacs.*—*S. H.*

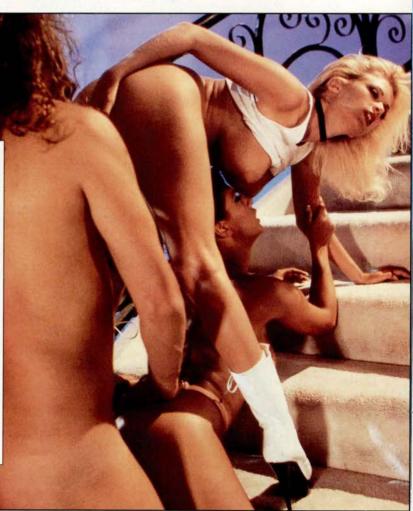
ANAL MANIACS 3: Lip service to the butt plunger.

The Wicked One

FULLY ERECT. Directed by Brad Armstrong and Greg Steelberg; starring Jenna Jameson, Patricia Kennedy, Tiffany Million, Jill Kelly, Channone, Peter North, Tony Tedeschi, Marc Davis, Jon Dough and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

It seems impossible to overstate the carnal appeal of Jenna Jameson, adult-video's very own Pamela Anderson equivalent, who lights up the title role of The Wicked One. Flawlessly gorgeous, impeccably built and dazzlingly uninhibited, Ms. Jameson is a mesmerizing wonder of idealized feminine beauty salaciously unleashed. She can act too! Amazingly, Wicked Pictures has produced some fine vehicles for Jenna to appear in; Wicked One is the strongest yet. The story is reminiscent of late-night cable TV "erotic thriller" fare, with Jenna stalking radio psychologist Tiffany Million, and fantastically fucking almost the entire cast in the process. Lanky, pierced Patricia Kennedy provides memorable lesbian fodder, and an angry stairwell anal-prodding of hooker Channone by Tom Byron is terrifically ball-draining. But The Wicked One is Jenna Jameson's show all the way-and, like its showcase schtup starlet, the tape is an absolute stunner. -M.M.

THE WICKED ONE: Jenna Jameson jonesing for jizz.



BLO:1

With straw-colored manes, delectably pale. high-riding nipples and pubes the hue of spun gold surrounding their pert, pink honeypots, four adult-video nymphs have ascended to the head of the ginch mob in recent months: Sid Deuce, Jill Kelly, Nikki Tyler and Jenna Jameson. tits and a butthole that gets deliriously

Sid Deuce sports a big smile, big, freckly banged in Jon Dough's Dirty Stories. Volume One.

Gymnastic, long-limbed, natural navnaved Jill Kelly licks clits terrifically in Cover to Cover and Takin' It to the Limit 6, though she's yet to smear white man-mousse among her yellow tresses. Fashion model-caliber Nikki Tyler, on the other hand, searingly gyrates among both genders in Nikki's Next. her first film as a Vivid Video starlet.

Jenna Jameson is the most breathtaking breakout smut ingenue in recent memory: The jewel of Wicked Pictures's contract crown. Jenna boasts drop-dead looks, willingness to perform any conceivable carnal act-brilliantly-before the cameras, and arresting thespian talent.



Jill Kelley, Sid Deuce (above)



Jenna Jameson



Nikki Tyler

Sorority Stewardesses

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Jim Holliday; starring Kylie Ireland, Felecia, J. R. Carrington, Nina Hartley, Caressa Savage, Tammi Ann, Sandi Beach, Micky Lynn, Patricia Kennedy, Kirsty Waay, Rachel Love, Candi Connor, Shelby Stevens, Haily Davidson, Joey Silvera, Peter North, T.T. Boy and Nick East. Videocassette: Plush Entertainment.

A parade of more than ten naked, mid- to high-level XXX sirens goes a long way toward correcting the faults of any porn tape that contains them, and director Jim Holliday again manages not to do so much wrong that he ruins the salubrious effect of more than 20 tits, more than 20 butt cheeks, more than 20 legs and more than 20 individual pussy lips flopping, waffling, prancing and flapping on one screen. Preceding Sorority's credits, radiantly redheaded Patricia Kennedy does a rush job on Peter North's dick, which hurries through her ass and spits fast and furious on her face. The bulk of Stewardesses' boning is made up of Joey Silvera wedging into a baby-fat blonde whose baby-fat boobs are bigger and cuter than a baby's head; a skinny, sugar-sweet, flaxen-haired treat joined by hardened pixie dyke Felecia and a pair of pals for a greased-chick glide pile; a strawberry-blond strumpet doing a 360-degree spin on T.T. Boy's dick pivot; and a sunny lawn boff with Peter North's dick like a giant white turd stretching through a trim pink anus. Stewardesses is a sorority worth joining. -



SORORITY STEWARDESSES: Felecia's muff-to-muff resuscitation.

HUSTLER FEBRUARY 21

6

Jon Dough's Dirty Stories Volume 2

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Jon Dough; starring Kymberly Kyle, Natalie, Kelsey Kane, Darien, Kirsty Waay, Jon Dough, Steven St. Croix, Julian St. Jox and Marcus. Videocassette: Plush Entertainment.

Jon Dough's video tales of sluts and studs are the kind of raunchy fare that men have spun forever in boot camps, locker rooms and prison cells to pass the time until the next real twat is at hand. Dough's Dirty Stories Volume 2 opens with Jon and two African Americans lounging in a living room with a lithe, limber, stringy brunette who takes the studs one at a time into a bedroom where they can suck her trim quim, dick her gulping throat, power plug her pussy, cram cock into her ass and squirt goo on her face. Although repetitive times three, this action never becomes tedious, much like the act of stroking a dick. A tiny Oriental slit awakens in the next segment to passively accept Dough's outsize and intrusive blue-veiner in her shaven clam and his spurt across her childlike face. Dough and Steven St. Croix tool tomboy porn tart Kirsty Waay. Dough dumps wad in the face of a full-bodied Hispanic hole, and a blond chick clenches her fists and endures a straight fuck. Short on plot, Dough's Stories are worth a plop.



DIRTY STORIES 2: St. Croix cock rams Waay's dirty tail.

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



Fully Erect

Superior. A top production.

Bottom Dweller 33 1/3 (Elegant Angel)

Careena Collins, Nici Sterling, Jake Steed

Compulsive Behavior (Odyssey Group)

> Tiffany Mynx, Sharon Kane, Mike Horner

Gregory Dark's DMJ5: The Inferno (VCA)

> Juli Ashton, Vanessa Chase, Rip Hymen

Sodomania 11: In Your Face (Elegant Angel)

Melissa Monet, Jen Teal, Roscoe Bowltree



Three-Quarters Erect

Above average. Hard-on material.

Buttman's Big Butt Backdoor Babes (Evil Angel)

Krysti Lynn, Eduarda, John Stagliano

Cover to Cover (Wicked Pictures)

Jenna Jameson, Jill Kelly, Brad Armstrong

Jon Dough's Dirty Stories (Plush)

Tatyana, Sid Deuce, Jon Dough

Sodomania 13: Your Lucky Number (Elegant Angel) Nikki Lynn, Channone, Alex Sanders

Sperm Bitches (Zane)

Nikki Arizona, Shonnalynn, Max Cady

Takin' It to the Limit 5 (Bruce Seven Productions)

Christina West, Bionca, Gerry Pike



Half Erect

Standard fare. Has moments.

Dear Diary (Wicked Pictures)

> Kaitlyn Ashley, Jordan St. James, Steven St. Croix

Deep Inside Nicole London (VCA)

> Nicole London, Melanie Moore, Sean Michaels

Night of Seduction (VCA)

Tina Tyler, Victoria Andrews, Luc Wylder

Tender Loving Care (Wicked Pictures)

> Kylie Ireland, J. R. Carrington, Tom Byron

Wicked Ways 2: The Education of a DP Vixen (Wicked Pictures)

Kymberly Kyle, Sofia Ferrari, Bret Singer



One-Quarter Erect

Poor. Don't expect much.

Companion: Aroused 2 (Vivid)

Ashlyn Gere, Asia Carrera, Steve Drake

Riot Grrls (Sin City)

Sierra, Veronica Sage, Steven St. Croix

Totally Limp
A waste of time and money.

Public Places 2 (Wicked Pictures)

Rebecca Wild, Christina West, Buck Adams

Western Nights (Wicked Pictures)

Tera Heart, Kylie Ireland, Tony Tedeschi





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Hot Letters



VALENTINE'S LAY

Being locked outside the house while wearing a giant heart-shaped costume that exposed my bare ass was not the most humiliating experience of my life, but it was damn high on the list. As a particularly well-aimed gust of cold, mid-February breeze flew up my tochas, I cursed Donna under my breath and pounded ever more loudly on the front door.

I silently pondered, What the fuck could she be doing in there? Ever since I made the mistake of marrying my old lady, she's been giving me a hard time about never helping out around the house and never doing anything special on Valentine's Day. This year I loaded the dishwasher, put on a sexy costume and even bought a bottle of Boone's and a tin of smoked oysters, but the bitch locked me out! She could forget about me ever going down on her during "that time of the month" again.

In the midst of my quiet rage, the flickering of the upstairs bedroom light caught my eye. Hopefully Donna's vibrator hadn't caused another power outage. If she was diddling her clit, though, it could be hours before she heard the doorbell over the rhythmic buzzing of "The Violator" (last year's Valentine's Day present). I'd have to climb through the window and shut the damn thing off myself to get her attention. And that's just what I intended to do.

It took nearly all my strength to shinny up the drainpipe while constricted by that stupid costume, but somehow I managed to balance precariously on the ledge outside our bedroom. My exasperated panting fogged up the window too much to see inside, but when I finally caught my breath, I also caught an eyeful that almost knocked me out

There was my sweet little brunet Donna, her meaty, mouthwatering bazooms bouncing back and forth as she writhed on the bed in ecstasy. Between her legs, however, wasn't the cheap plastic joystick I had expected to see, but something else made in Taiwan—our next-door neighbor lady, Chun-Li. To think, the only time this uptight Asian prig had ever deigned to set a shoeless foot in our house was to demand that I stop playing Vietnam War with her kids, and now she was tonguing my Donna's snatch!

Admittedly, Chun-Li seemed to be doing a pretty good job. I consider myself something of a cunnilingus aficionado, and this chick had style. Her long, silky, jet-black hair whispered in dark waves over the pale skin of Donna's abdomen. With each tantalizing peek at Chun-Li's hot-pink tongue darting out of the pubic thicket, I felt blood rush to my main vein. Unfortunately, my costume wasn't furnished with the luxury of a zipper; so jerking off was not an option. Instead, I watched in motionless rapture as the banana-skinned beauty with her butt in the air ate my wife alive.



Each lick and nibble at the sugary loins that so often ingested my erect member sent pure electricity up Donna's spine. She clawed and thrashed at the bed like a woman possessed, until I feared her head would spin 360 degrees—and worst of all, without my dick in her mouth. I needed to enter the room subtly, so as not to spoil the mood, and maybe park my choad in Chun-Li's skyward sphincters. The only obstacle was the damn window, which wouldn't budge, no matter how hard I lifted. If only I had listened when my wife nagged me to fix the frame!

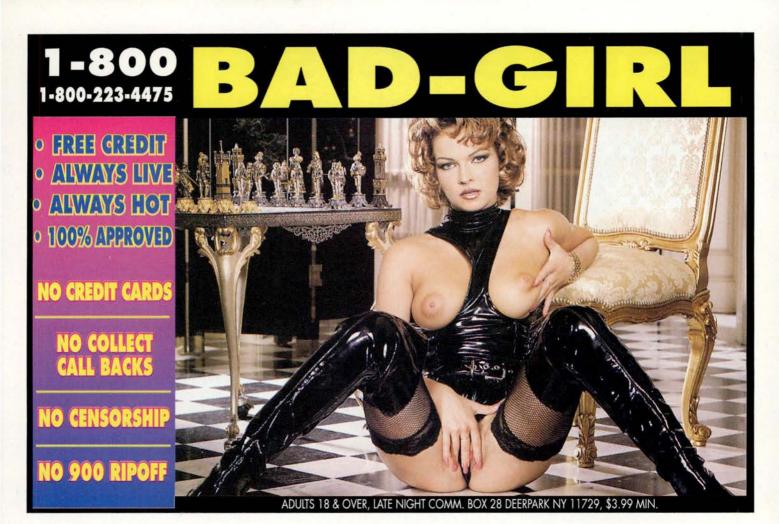
Home improvement was obviously the last thing on Donna's mind as a guttural, animal growl escaped from her pouty lips. The delicate hands of Chun-Li kneaded acres of Occidental flesh, tracing the curvy hips, flat belly and floppy melons I so longed to glaze with nut-butter. With a sudden harshness, the slender, probing fingers twisted Donna's erect nipples like the knobs on a Toshiba television. To my shock and delight, the next cry of ecstasy was my own name.

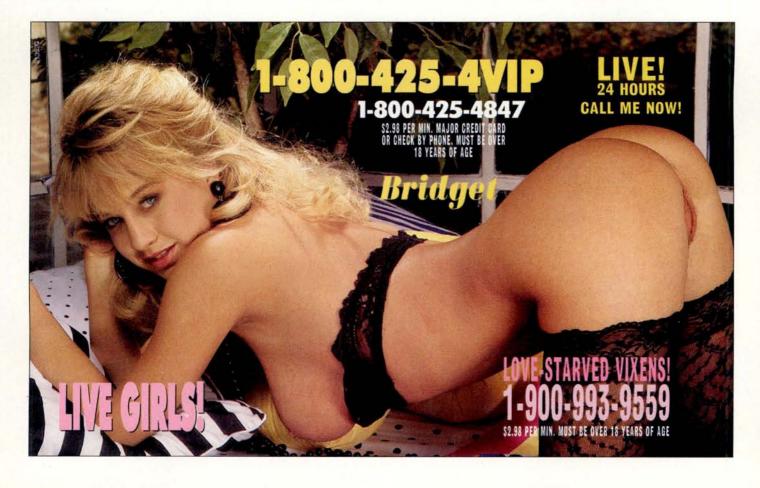
"Bobby," moaned Donna breathlessly, "I need your hot cock!" Even in the throes of a lesbian lick-fest, my wife still loved me. There was a lump in my throat almost as big as the one in my crotch. The two nude female forms before me melded into a 69 position, and I watched with a newfound determination to join in their coital frenzy—no matter what the cost.

"Donna, baby," I howled, banging at the window. "I'll do the fucking chores! I'll do whatever you want! Just let me in before my balls explode!" Much to my exasperation, Chun-Li's golden ass cheeks served as rumpish earmuffs, deafening my spouse to my desperate cries. I watched with a turgid stew of disgruntlement and arousal in my gut as the tinytopped geisha girl ground her lower regions into Donna's face and lapping yap. Narrow eyes rolling back in her head, Chun-Li pussy-gushed a stream of brine all over the bedspread. As her sweaty face unclenched in post-orgasmic bliss, the sapphic China doll's gaze met mine-and she screamed. I guess I would too, if I saw a giant, angry valentine smashing his bare fists through the window. Alerted by the crash, Donna looked up from Chun-Li's lap like a kid caught playing doctor.

"Oh shit, Bob," she said through quivering, gleet-slick lips. "I swear I tried to say no, but...."

"Hell, Donna, eating ain't cheating," I interrupted, struggling to force the over-(continued on page 28)





S-Personals

STRAIGHT FEMALES

23741- Candi - I have short brown hair & I'm looking for a man with a big dick that can be stuck in my tight pussy. All I want is sex. I'm horny & I want sex today. I even fantasize having 2 men at once.

24179- Wendy - I'm 5' 3" 120lbs. & really cute. I have blonde hair & hazel eyes. My breasts are 38A with sensitive pink nipples. I have a nice size clit & a tight ass. I want to be fucked & I want a man to totally dominate me 100%.

25046- Holly - I'm a 26 year old dirty blonde who's tall & leggy. My breasts are 34C with pink nipples. I have a fat pussy & tight ass. I'm very much into group sex, & I like to be spanked. I especially like my pussy to be eaten inside & out.

25343- Alesia - I'm pretty damn good looking. I have such a beautiful ass & I'm in need of a man. My blow jobs you will not believe. I need some help now to be fucked.

24986- Claudia - I'm 5' 10" blonde hair & blue eyed & I work out 5 days a week which is very important to me. My breasts are 38DD & I like everyday anyway you want to do it.

13326- Maria - I'm a 32 year old very practiced & sensual latin lady who stands 5' 4" with auburn hair. I have full lips, long shapely legs & my voluptuous measurements are 44DD-26-36. My butt is nice & round, my pussy is always wet, & I love you to be inside me. I want every hole in my body filled.

19151- Rose - I'm a buxom blonde with blue eyes from Texas. My chest is 38DDD & I prefer to shave my pubic hair. I like to ride my man like a buckin' bronco, to feel his hard shaft up my ass moving faster & faster.

24106- Shelly - I'm a 5' 5" brunette with hazel eyes & I have a good figure. I have firm breasts & beauty marks all over my body. I like it everywhere possible, anywhere. I love a man in uniform & I like to be satisfied, fucked & licked.

19108- Kathy - I'm 5' 7" 125lbs. with 36D breasts & big hard nipples that stick out. I'm waiting to be sucked. My clit is big & it sticks out also when I'm getting fucked. My pussy is wet. Pubic hair is shaved. I like your dick deep in my pussy while I'm waiting for my clit to be sucked. I need to be eaten really well.

eillwy al vilolig

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Gay Males continued-

26069- Randy - I have blonde hair & hazel eyes & well built. My body is hot & my 9 incher is a hot throbbing piece of meat & needs to be satisfied. I like uninhibited hot & sweaty sex & have it all the time. Anything that turns you on.

25073- Courtney - I'm 19 year old 135lbs. & good looking & clean shaven. I like to frequent the underground sex clubs. I want my 7" dick sucked long & hard. I want to be fucked by a big black dick & be humiliated.

24153- Joey - I'm a 26 year old Italian body builder who's 200lbs. I'm a big stud & I like my 10" rock hard cock sucked. Get on your hands & knees & I'll fuck you all night long. I can get into some pretty rough sex.

BISEXUAL FEMALES

20532- Angel - I'm 5' 2" Mexican with brown hair & eyes with breasts 34B & pink nipples. My skin is soft & my pussy is well groomed. I take real good care of myself. I'm very hardcore & I want it all the time.

25921- Marianne - I'm a 40 year old 5' 4" bisexual weighing 1381bs. who has brown hair & eyes. I have soft, round breasts & shaved pussy that's wet & needs to be sucked on. I'm looking for a sincere friend who wants to be with me & a guy. I want adventure & I want to take care of others.

23147- Tiffany - I'm a light skinned 5' 8" bisexual from Trinidad who's measurements are 36-28-38. My breasts are firm, nipples are brown

& sensitive, my ass is fat & my big pussy is very juicy. I'm looking for a friendship with a bisexual who loves oral sex. I want no dikes or bitches.

24609- Coco - I have dark hair, 41" chest, big wide pussy & a fat ass that feels good when you caress it. I want a woman to make me & my man happy in bed.

LESBIANS

23700- Linda - I'm a 5' 2" black 25 year old who has a body like a model & breasts 38D with nice brown nipples. I get so wet when I'm horny. I keep my pussy shaved in a V-shape & I have a tattoo on my butt. My toes are so pretty & I love to lick pussy. I want a lady to cream all over my face.

21138- Donna - I'm 5' 7" 120lbs. latin lesbian who's interested in being with another woman for a very erotic experience. I'm clean shaven & I have hard nipples.

20408- Kelly - I'm a 26 year old 115lbs. soft skinned doll who wants a bi-curious female. My measurements are 34C-24-36. My pussy is nice & I have large suckable nipples on very firm breasts. I like to be kisses, loved & played with so let's play house.

20130- Dana - I'm 5' 7" heavy set dark skinned lesbian who has lovely lips & very bright & beautiful eyes. My pussy is tight, dark on the outside & pink on the inside. My ass is firm & solid. I want a black woman to satisfy who's soft & affectionate so that I can lick her pussy & make sweet passionate love to.

TRANSVESTITES

25628 - Samantha - I'm 5' 10" 135lbs. with brown hair and blue eyes. I have white, smooth and slender legs and my nipples are pink. I have not started developing yet but I need a man to train me to be a woman with dildo training, bondage, etc.

24263 - Bonnie - I'm 6' 0" 260lbs. American Indian and I have a big chest. I'm hot for some guy. I love sex and I love to have cum run down my big, deep throat.

COUPLES

13717 - Randy & Page - He's 5' 10" 1851bs. and in good shape. She's got big breasts with red nipples and looking good. They're looking for a woman to share their lives with who is very passionate, giving and attractive.

12418 - Joe & Cindy - Joe's a 30 year old with brown hair, blue eyes, hairy chest and stays hard. Cindy has a shaved pussy and she likes to be eaten. They both are very good looking and they like to party with all sorts of people.



GAY MALES

24991- Larry - I'm Asian & a surfer dude who's 5' 7". I have big calves, legs & arms. My cock is 5" which is just a mouthful. When I see guys at the beach, it makes me hot. I want someone to get on their knees & suck me dry & I'll do the same to him.

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SN ENT., LA/CA

(continued from page 25)

lot Letters Chun-Li ravaged Donna from the front, pinching her nerps and clit. I watched as the cunt-sucking concubine forced Donna's auburn mane back down between her bandy, yellow legs.

sized costume through the tiny portal. "Now give me a hand. I'm stuck!"

Punching a hole in the costume's crotch with karate precision, Chun-Li laughed, "That's what you get for running around with a heart on...or is that hard-on?" Her query was answered by the freeing of my nine-inch side of beef. Without a moment's hesitation. Donna fell to her knees and swallowed my wang in one gulp. The moist massage of her cavity's familiar crevices felt like home.

Meanwhile, Chun-Li tongue-tickled the underside of my testes and wrapped her talented digits around my cock base. Although my footing on the ledge grew shaky, there was no way I was going to halt the best hummer of my life. Instead, I grabbed the back of Donna's head and impaled her skull as Chun-Li steadied my spear. Again and again, I corked that hungry hole with a wet, popping sound. Somehow I found the self-control to stop myself at the point of ejaculation.

"Back up on this, baby," I begged Donna. All too horny to oblige, she pivoted her wiry frame, bent over and steadied herself against the windowpane. I pointed dickward at her sopping gash and entered to the hilt with a powerful thrust. The entire house seemed to shake, but I didn't care. I was going to get a nut even if I caused an earthquake. With both hands digging into Donna's jiggling seat meat, I plunged in and out of her suckling salmon canal. Pleasure coursed through every nerve of my body. This was even better than beer!

Chun-Li did her part by ravaging Donna from the front, pinching her nerps and clit between deep soul kisses. I watched as the cunt-sucking concubine forced Donna's auburn mane back down between her bandy, yellow legs. A symphony of slurping filled the room, and within seconds. Chun-Li was rhythmically gyrating her hips like a woman consumed by climax. I've never gone for Chinese chicks, but she was one hot piece of ass; maybe when I got down from this ledge, I could start fucking her behind Donna's back.

Finally, the dam in my balls burst, and a Niagara of semen rushed down my pipe. I pulled out and sprayed in a straight line up Donna's back; the white, sticky arrow ended as a puddle in Chun-Li's navel. The inhuman, carnal cries that erupted from my fuckmates sounded almost like the screech of metal siding collapsing under an incredibly heavy weight.

That's when the world seemed to fall out from under me. Like I said, being locked outside the house in a giant heartshaped costume that exposed my bare ass was not the most humiliating experience of my life. Being rushed to the hospital in that costume, with a broken back and my dick in my hand, was. —B. M.

Akron, Ohio

CHICKEN DIDDLE

Just because Russell got promoted to Deep-Fat Fryer Manager, he all of the sudden thinks he's the king of Danny's Famous Chicken. Yesterday he was really lording it over me because I'd left the Sea Diver's Sandwich patties in for ten extra minutes.

"Damn it, Justin," he yelled. "If you leave that fish in the fryer too long, the chicken tastes like pussy."

I shot back, "How would you know, Russell? The last time you tasted any was when you were being born and you stuck your tongue out at the doctor." I'm not scared of Russell, because even though he gets to wear a fancy chicken hat, I can still kick his ass.

"The title of Deep-Fat Fryer Manager comes with certain benefits," said Mr. Shit-Don't-Stink through a stupid grin, "one of which happens to be porking that new cashier with the blond hair and big titties."

"You lying sack of shit," I laughed, punching Russell in the back as hard as possible. "Janella wouldn't fuck you if every other man on the planet had AIDS."

"We'll see about that," he responded, whipping out that stupid megaphone they let him carry. "Janella, please report to the deep-fat fryer."

Sure enough, the gum-cracking, peroxide-dyed bombshell sauntered back to the kitchen, shaking her plentiful ass like ball bearings were wedged in the crack. Janella's awesome bosom stretched her orange polyester uniform to the point where erect nipple outlines were perfectly visible under her nametag. For a few minutes, Russell and I just stood there staring and nudging each other, until Janella said, "What do you guys want?"

"I'm just training Justin here to be ... uhh...Assistant Fryer Manager," began Russell in a professional voice that even had me fooled. "I'd appreciate it if you'd help me display the proper procedural for handling breasts." Janella rolled her eyes the way she does every time Danny, the owner, pats her butt-and then lifted her shirt! My eyes almost fell out of my head at the sight of all the cascading chest meat that flopped against her baby-fat belly. The twin torpedoes were topped with giant nipples the color of a strawberry milk shake,

(continued on page 37)

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ımadian Callers



















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Grand Prize Finalist #1 Control of the control of

Creamy, dreamy Felicia colored our readers' world with a splash of pink just last month in HUSTLER's January 1996 Beaver Hunt. A quick show of purple cocks immediately thrust her into the limelight as Beaver Hunt's 1996 Grand Prize Finalist #1. But the 21-year-old Fort Lauderdale, Florida, student is blue. "Anything I accomplish after this will pale in comparison," she sighs. Not if she captures the gold: Beaver Hunt's Grand Prize of \$5,000 and an expenses-paid trip to a glamour capital to shoot a HUSTLER pictorial.

Any ladies itching to knock Felicia down a shade? Don't be yellow. See *Beaver Hunt* (page 113) for details!

There's more than one way to shoot a Beaver!
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CANADIAN Callers Only

(continued from page 28)

Hot Letters My rock-hard cock was engulfed by a soft, sucking mouth.... I vigorously fucked her gullet and reached under to maul the pendulous mams that slapped against my knees.

and they were probably just as tasty.

Russell must have been as shocked as I was, because suddenly he wasn't even speaking English; a homina-homina sound fell out of his slack, drooling jaw. Afraid that Janella might get suspicious, I quickly grabbed a mittful of flour and rubbed it into her heaving chest.

"No, no, no, stupid," snapped Russell, catching on. "You have to tenderize the meat. Here, let me show you on a leg." With the skill that won him his title, Russell whipped off Janella's pants with one hand and flour-coated her long, fleshy gams with the other. Through the white cloud that filled the kitchen, I could make out a sexy, dazed look on our little chickadee's heavily made-up face. Janella was really getting off as Russell roamed closer and closer to her slit, and I rolled her nips between my fingers like tiny, twin gizzards.

Soon there was so much flour I couldn't see. I felt my zipper come down, and my rock-hard cock was engulfed by a soft, sucking mouth I could only pray didn't belong to Russell. Thank God as the dust settled, my good buddy was clearly visible taking up Janella's rear, while she slurped and tugged at my wishbone. I vigorously fucked her gullet and reached under to maul the pendulous mams that slapped against my knees.

"All right, now trade positions," ordered Russell. If I hadn't wanted to get up in Janella's hot pussy so bad, I would've told Russell to go fuck himself. He can't tell me what to do. Instead, I parted Janella's bright-pink poon lips-the only part of her body that wasn't powdered. Watching my red-hot poker slide between her ivory thighs reminded me of the time I fucked my snowman as a kid, except Janella's honeypot was a scalding cauldron of liquid heat. This was the juiciest pussy I had ever poked in my life! I snuck in a few digits and then tasted my hand; her succulent snatch was as finger-lickin' good as it felt.

My saliva-slickened thumbs pried open Janella's winking browneye. As I pierced her sphincters with the tip of my dick, I heard a muffled groan of pained ecstasy escape her Russell-stuffed trap. Each jackhammer thrust made her colon shudder in tight spasms around my root. The brutal butt-drubbing was about to coax a kingsize load from my rumbling balls. Judging by the rough way Russell slapped cock across Janella's face, he felt the same way.

"This is it, Justin," he roared. "Time to pour on Danny's secret sauce!" I withdrew from Janella's rectum, and dumped down a gallon of jizz before her bung had a chance to pucker back up. Russell

smeared the panting cashier's face with his spunk, mixing it with the flour to make a thick paste. It may sound weird, but I remember thinking if we dropped Janella in the fryer, she would've tasted pretty good.

"That'll be all, Janella," Russell gasped, collapsing in the corner. "Please wash your hands before you go back to work." She rolled her eyes again, tore open a new piece of gum, and walked back to the drive-thru while pulling on her clothes.

Before Russell could order me to do it, I grabbed a broom, and asked, "Is that really what's in Danny's secret sauce?"

Russell just smiled and said, "Why do you think I spend so much time in the walk-in freezer...Assistant Deep-Fat Fryer Manager Justin?" He handed me my own chicken hat and megaphone.

Russell may be an all right guy sometimes, but I can still kick his ass. —J. R. Wolf Pen, Kentucky

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SEX PLAY

Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

The Valentine's Day Dilemma Romance for Crass Bastards

By Alex Marvel

Charley's at a loss. He's been lucky lately, luckier than usual, triple lucky. Charley's got Yvette, an undocumented waitress from Paris who he's been très boning for two and a half months. Yvette likes the way Charley snouts her truffles, and she has only mentioned her longing for a green card once or twice, in the most abstract of ways. Juliet is Charley's steady pump. A nurse who isn't repulsed by any of Charley's sexual shenanigans, no matter how heinous the atrocity, Juliet has always been there with ready lips poised to lick the bad away from his bone. And then there is Anne, full-titted, fertile-hipped Anne, Charley's wife of seven years and the mother of his daughters, ages four and nine.

Since Charley also manages to get a good share of strange pussy aside from these three fine, wad-filtering flues, all would seem to be well in Charley's world.

But he's got a problem. Valentine's Day is coming up, and the only women he feels safe celebrating it with are his daughters.

As time progresses, rushing toward the ultimate implosion that will end existence, the healthy male's interactions with the active female become increasingly complex. In the primitive ages, way back in fourth grade, Valentine's Day was simple. Some skinny chick with freckles gave a card with a prominent red heart on it to every guy in the class, except for the 'tards and cripples. After school, six or eight boys followed her home and, if they were lucky and her mother was passed out, she showed everybody her snizz.

That girl grew up to be an exotic dancer, headlining at

exclusive gentleman's clubs nationwide. This February 14, she will rake in a Valentine's Day tribute from six or eight guys, all of whom long to follow her home, each of whom will pass out at the bar, their toxic slumber haunted by the shade of her flaunted snizz.

At 2 a.m., the star stripper goes home to her security apartment, alone. Her rocker boyfriend slithers in an hour or two later. She's been hoping for a box of chocolates from him, a bunch of roses, a flimsy, 25-cent, heart-shaped card like the ones she used to get in fourth grade. All he has for her on this, their last Valentine's Day as a couple, is a question: Did she clear enough in tips to buy his guitar out of pawn?

Valentine's Day isn't easy for anyone.

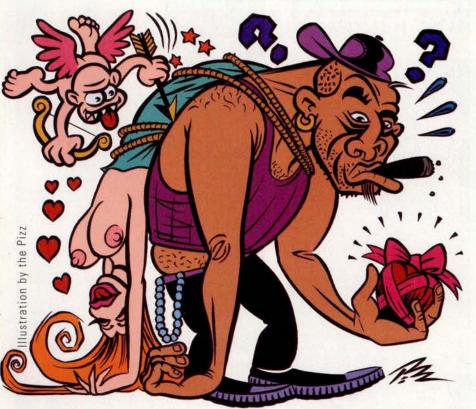
"Certain splinter groups among the fragmented society of modern man," says Rupert Pansson, author of the critically acclaimed inspirational bestseller Warrior Hearts: Lay Seige and Conquer the Love You Deserve, "seem to be wholly devoid of romantic notions. Outlaw bikers, punkrock anarchists, crackheads, Appalachian incest triangles, the furtive couplings of men in prison, all occur with no show of tenderness; yet even the most loose-assed jailhouse bitch seethes with resentment if Valentine's Day passes, and she doesn't receive some acknowledgment from her man."

Yolanda Pittney Bowels is a Sunset Boulevard street-walker who shares a single pimp with another six Hollywood whores. Although she appreciates her stable-mates as compelling, unique human beings, Pittney Bowels wants to feel special and appreciated by her man. "It don't have to be just me that Mack Daddy singles out," explains Yolanda. "I don't care if he give a little gift to all them other hard-leg mattress backs, long as he give me a sugar bit that is mine and mine alone."

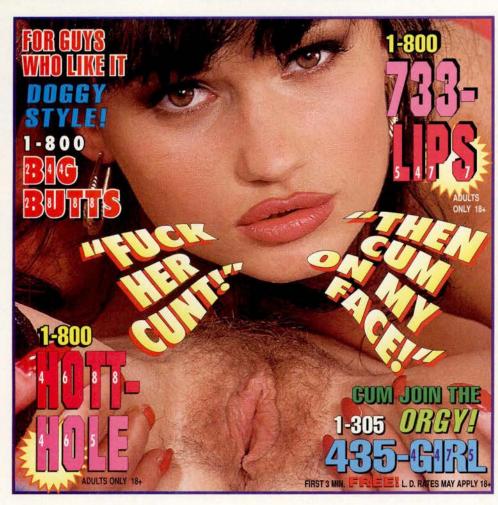
"Yolanda might seem to be talking a lot of boo-shit," says Jimmy "Mack" Daddy, her pimp, from the lime-green leather passenger seat of his long, lean, gangster-mean Cadillac pimping machine. "Gettin' a valentine present for seven different steady bitches might seem like too much work to the amateur observer, but I am a professional. In my expert opinion, if a man isn't prepared to make some effort with his bitches, he should get out of the game. Every February, I go down to the Woolworth's on Hollywood Boulevard and gank me a packet of schoolgirl valentine cards, no muss, no fuss. My man Ape here writes in the bitches' names, and it's done. I cannot tell you my return on that investment. But I can show you."

Mack Daddy flutters his fingers, displaying a rainbow coalition of gold and gems. Ape, glowering and fitted tightly behind the Cadillac's wheel, ruminatively gnaws on a bejeweled fist the size of ham hocks. "Those girls paid for Ape's diamonds too. All it took was a little valentine sweetness. Is that so hard?"

Although most men do not aspire to dominate, terrorize, beat and rob women who gobble penis and get fucked for money, Jimmy "Mack" Daddy's behavior might still be instructional. Too many guys think that a ritualized expres
(continued on page 42)

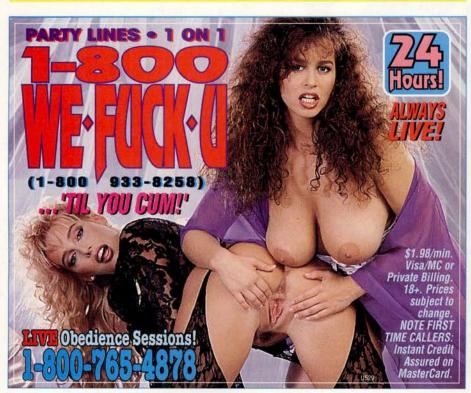


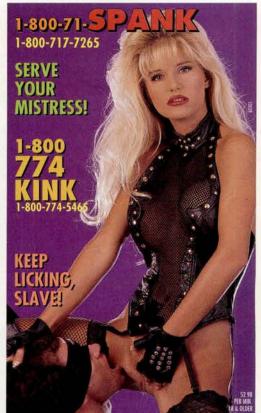
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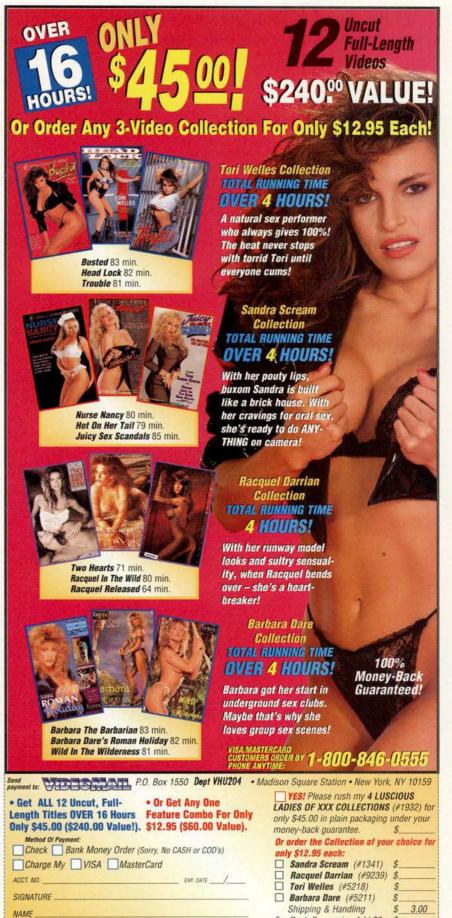
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(continued from page 39)

Sex Play "Once I stripped away the sense of pussywhipped devotion that I had always associated with giving valentines and saw the act as the sweet snatch scam that it is," testifies Charley, "all my anxiety dissolved."

sion of romance is not worth the bother or is detrimental to their hard-guy self-image.

"Valentine's Day is really nothing any HUSTLER man should be afraid of," encourages Warrior Hearts author Rupert Pansson. "Giving a chick a valentine isn't like presenting her with an engagement ring—there is no actual promise or acknowledgment of future obligation. The basic message of the valentine is: 'Hey, thanks for sucking my dick.' No real pledge or contract has been made. And, obviously, bigamy statutes do not apply: There's no law against giving valentines to more than one woman."

Charley, the man who began this article overwhelmed by the Valentine's Day logistics arising from the implicit expectations of his waitress girlfriend, Yvette, his nurse girlfriend, Juliet, and his wife, Anne, applied the principles in Pansson's Warrior Hearts and conquered his phobia.

"Once I stripped away the sense of pussywhipped devotion that I had always associated with giving valentines and saw the act of 'sweets for my sweetheart' as the sweet snatch scam that it is," testifies Charley, "all my pre-February 14th anxiety dissolved, and I intuitively knew how to handle the situation, which up until then had baffled me."

Charley began his day of designated cupidity

with breakfast at the coffee shop where Yvette waitresses the morning shift. "I had a batch of red roses delivered, like as a tip, just as she gave me my check."

Flushed with a surge of wet emotion, her pantyhose swimming in vaginal fluids, Yvette took time out for an impromptu cigarette break and smoked Charley behind a steam table. The roses, ill-suited for such torrid humidity, wilted long before Charley did.

"Later in the day," recounts Charley, "I took a long lunch." During his extended midday, Charley spirited himself and a heart-shaped box of chocolates over to the hospital emergency room, where Juliet's pleasant, flattered surprise caused her to neglect the admissions of a sixcar pileup and tighten a lip tourniquet around Charley's bone behind a triage station.

"I went straight home after work," boasts Charley the family man. "I had candy and cards for the kids, and the old lady got flowers and a personal note of appreciation. Notice that the other two broads did not get anything in writing. I am not a fool," asserts Charley.

Wife Anne, warmed and inspired by her husband's thoughtful attentions, prepared a special meal of chicken-fried steak and yam pie, his favorite. Following the feast, Charley poked his old lady, for old time's sake. He left the house with a clutch of arrow-shooting cherubs to make valentine plays on a stripper, a coffeehouse poetess and a female prosecuting attorney assigned to the municipal night court.

"Valentine's Day is for lovers," summarizes Charley, having traded in his fear of emasculating coercion for a new confidence that allows him to give practically nothing, while reaping a shitload of snatch in return.

"Charley is a lucky man," understates author Pansson. "He intuitively understands that less is more on Valentine's Day. Any woman who receives an overlavish bounty from one man will instinctively know that he is weak and torture him. Her cruelty to the worm is not the woman's fault. A need to harm any penis-owner more frail than itself often seems to be the driving force of femininity."

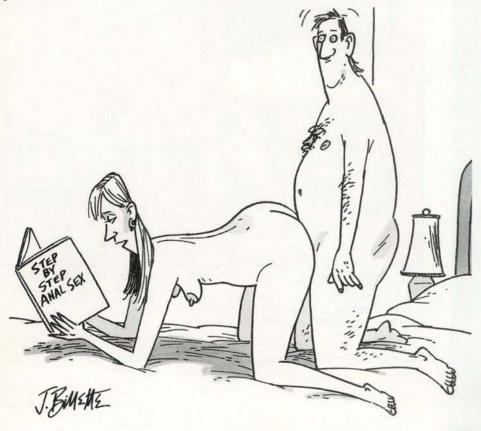
Rory Boralese is sad affirmation to the dark side of Valentine's Day generosity. "I'd been going out with this chick for five months," deadpans Rory from the locked ward of St. Avaccardo's Rest Home for the Criminally Insane. "I thought I knew her. She told me she was really into me. Mid-February rolls around, and I go whole hog. Candies and flowers? Fuck that; too conventional. I got her perfumes and lingerie, scented oils, adult novelties, a professional Polaroid camera and a tripod-mounted video camera, complete with flat-screen, lifesize monitor. I took all this loot over to her place. Sure, I had ulterior motives; I figured we were going to spend some time together. She kicked me out before she even unwrapped the stuff. Wouldn't accept my calls, returned my letters, ignored my E-mail.

"Then the videotapes started arriving. One after another, made with my camera, on the satin sheets I'd bought. She's wearing the lingerie and jamming herself with the dildos I paid for. And it's guy after guy...fucking her. It's killing me, but I watch all of them, all the way through. She knows I can't stand short guys; so she finds a crew of midgets and sends me a tape of her hosting a dwarf gang-bang. That triggered my first suicide attempt.

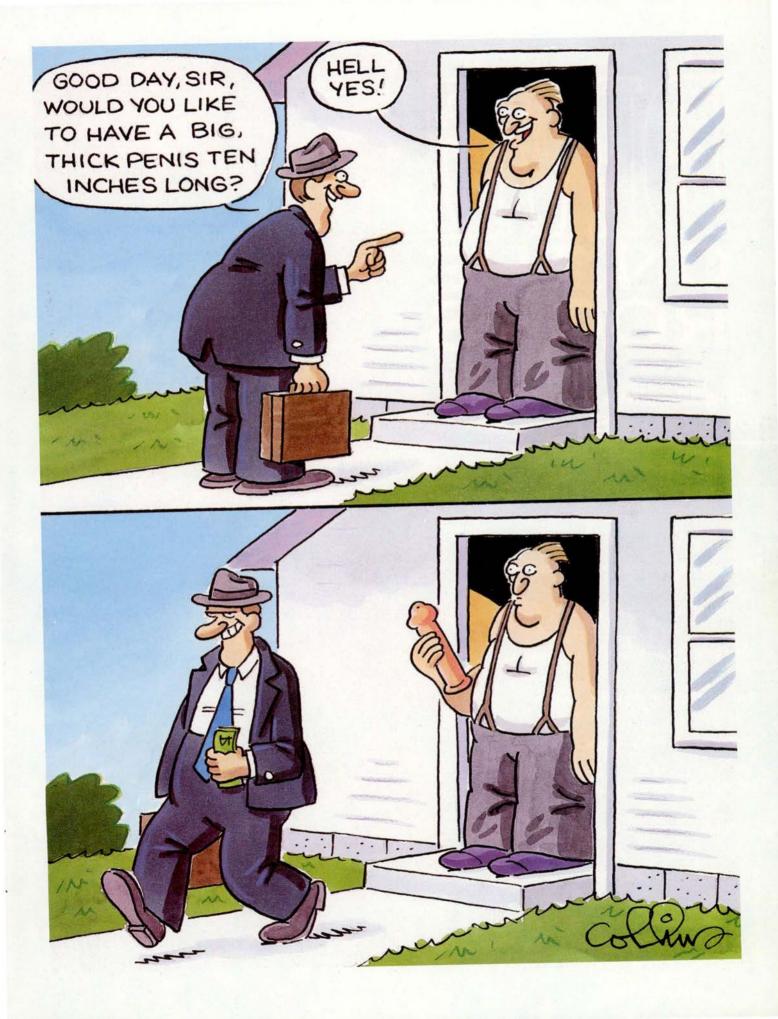
"Next, she started screwing this black dude. She called him Jimmy. His johnson drove up her ass so far it nearly came out her throat. The next week, I got another movie with her calling homeboy 'Mack,' then 'Daddy.' I was dying. Did she know how much she meant to me?

"The next thing I know, some Nubian, big as an ape, shows up at my door and says if I want any more tapes, I've got to pay for them. I bought a gun, and I tracked them down. Now we're all paying for the mistake I made on Valentine's Day."

Take heed from the errors of Rory Boralese's ways. Do not give until it hurts. Be like Charley; only give what feels good.



"Now remove your little finger and slowly insert your thumb."





The Decline and Rise of a Times Square Bar

PIE-EYED TRIBUTE BY PETER LANDAU

IT'S NOT EASY BEING A SERIOUS

LUSH IN NEW YORK CITY THESE DAYS.

GIMMICKY TAVERNS AND UPSCALE

SALOONS ARE TAKING OVER

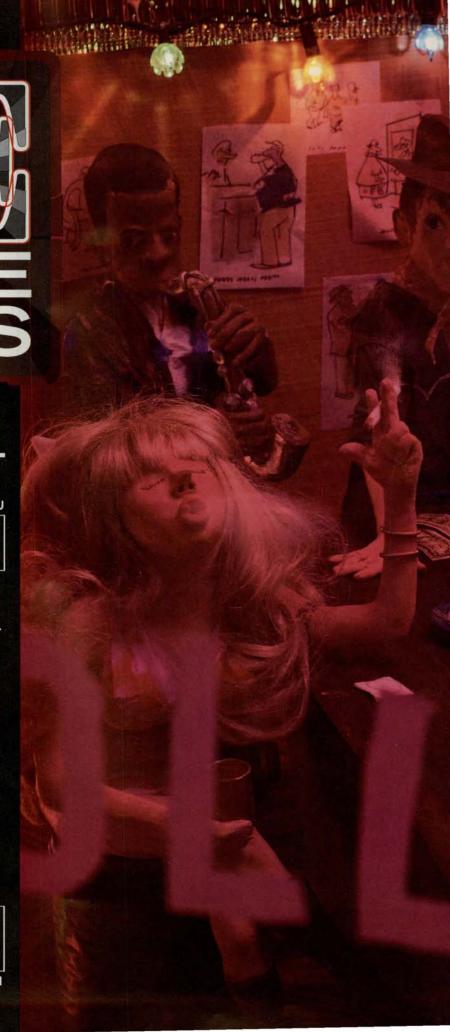
CHERISHED PISS HOLES, BUT ONE

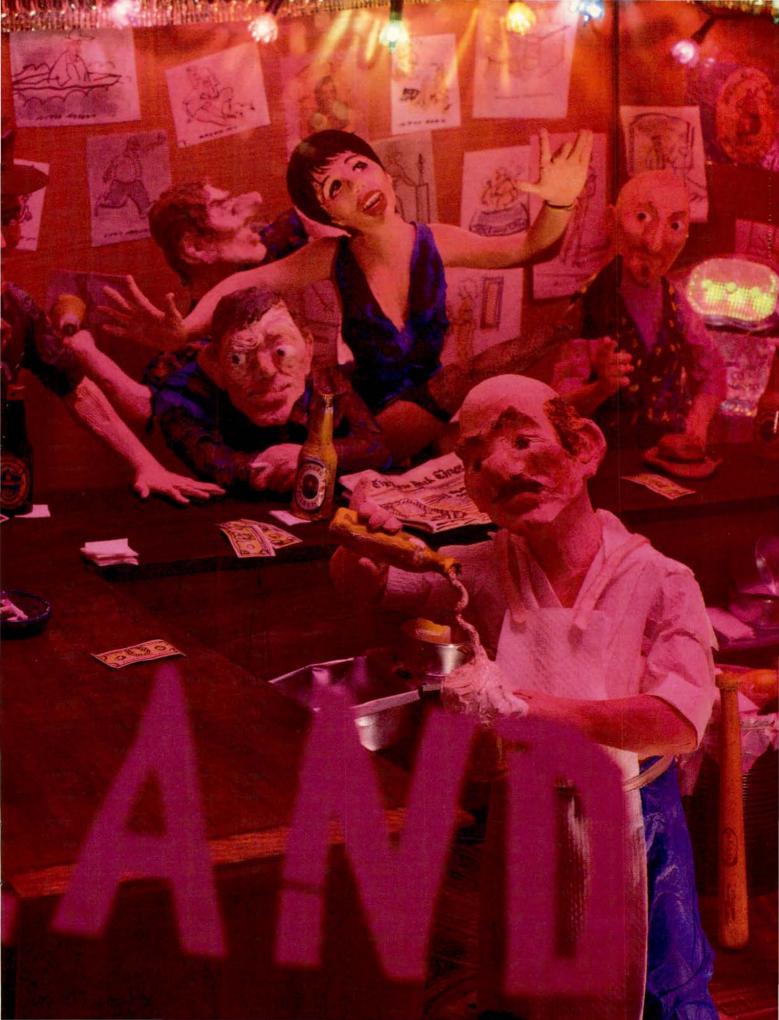
HANGOVER FROM A SLEAZIER ERA

OFFERS HOPE AND SUSTENANCE TO

THE DEVOTED DRUNK.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE STRACHAN





Dive Bar When the Daily News printed on its front page that the Holland was "Hotel Hell"— the welfare hotel with the most violations in the city—Ernie posted a sign in the window saying WE'RE NUMBER ONE.

Outside an unimposing bar called the Holland, in the New York City neighborhood known as Hell's Kitchen, a patron goes insane. It is dark and late as he stomps out the door. The streets are deserted except for the merchants of various illegal trades who move with the shadows. Inside the bar, few pay witness to their comrade's breakdown.

He finds some garbage, and his screams accompany trash gone to flight and into the traffic cruising downtown from the Port Authority Bus Terminal. Abruptly, his attention is diverted by a large kitchen cabinet abandoned on the sidewalk. The heavy, metal object is a struggle to lift and carry into the middle of the avenue. Our man tries to hurl it through the rush of oncoming traffic.

Finally, that demon quelled, the drinker returns to his drink. There is little talk of the incident. Only a bloodied hand and a white kitchen furnishing, strangely deserted in transit, suggest the sudden event.

The neighborhood bar is sadly going down the drain in Manhattan, along with the neighborhood itself. Once, the city consisted of a network of ethnic communities that were connected only by their love of alcohol. Now the great mosaic metropolis has faded to a uniform gray speckled with fast-food chains.

Some individuality flourishes yet in odd corners

The Holland Cocktail Lounge began in 1927 at the Holland Hotel, where it was originally a speakeasy. By the mid-1980s, the hotel had become one of the worst welfare residences in Manhattan. When the city finally closed the building for repairs, the Holland moved to a hole-in-the-wall shotgun space on Ninth Avenue. Sandwiched between tenements, crack dealers, the Port Authority and butcher shops, the bar thrived.

I was among the many who followed the yellow-brick road, slapped in sloppy paint on the sidewalk leading to the Holland's entrance.

Ernie, the Holland manager and the advertising wizard behind the painted sidewalk lure, also hooked egotistical alcoholics with a scribbled clapboard inviting only the "John Wayne" drinker—the shot-and-a-beer type. Proudly a sign proclaimed that there was no television on the premises. Ernie believes that only sporting events or a Presidential address warrant a disruption of the alcoholic ritual. "Bring me young livers!" Ernie once ordered as I staggered out of the Holland into the hazy predawn.

Loud music—any kind of music—and cheap drinks are the order of the day at the Holland. The jukebox is jammed forever on ear bleed. The place is decorated like Christmas all year round. Blinking lights frame a broken neon sign that spells out in scripted metal HOLLAND.

Beyond these decorative features, the Holland is highly functional: There is a bar, patched together with pieces dating back to the original hotel, stools and just enough room to walk the length of the interior to the toilet.

Regulars have colorful, descriptive nicknames such as Wrong Way José and Miss Louie. Wrong Way José drinks bottled beer on ice and still gets so drunk that he is frequently banned for throwing glasses while arguing with imaginary persons.

Miss Louie is a far more civil and sophisticated participant on the scene. He reigns from his throne by the front window, legs crossed, holding a cranberry cocktail that matches his perfectly tailored outfit. Miss Louie creates his own designs, which lean toward vivid jump-suits with elaborately printed ascots.

Some regulars can't get enough of the Holland and end up as employees. Like Charlie, who was the bartender for the first shift, beginning at 8 a.m. He was 60 but looked twice that age. His hair was a short shock of white that looked as if it could cut someone.

Pat also graduated to the less crowded side of the bar. Pat is well over six feet and as broad as several kegs. He is also as broad as a broad. Pat enjoys flashing a photograph of himself in drag and seeing if the unsuspecting barfly can decipher the identity of the attractive figure.

Ernie first got involved with the old Holland bar as a bartender in the 1970s. When the *Daily News* boldly printed on its front page that the Holland was "Hotel Hell"—the welfare hotel with the most violations in the city—Ernie was there slinging drinks. He already showed a flare for promotions. WE'RE NUMBER ONE, he wrote on a large piece of cardboard, which he posted in the window.

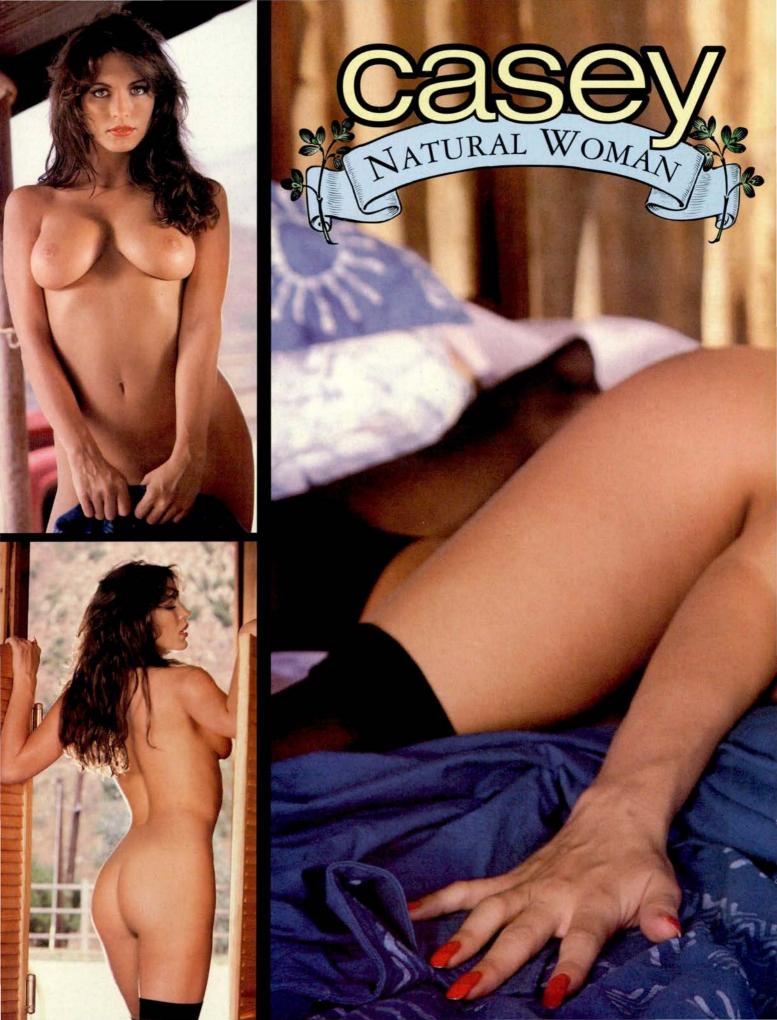
Before the Holland, Ernie worked the Savoy on 41st Street, where he served a pedigreed superstar entertainer when she was down, out, drunk and rehearsing in the neighborhood for an upcoming tour of South Africa. She drank Bloody Marys paid for by her manager, who tipped a quarter. Maybe that is why Ernie remembers the singer as "fat and ugly." One Friday night, for revenge, he informed the full house about the celebrity in their midst who was too

(continued on page 56)





"I hate this fuckin' job!"

















(continued from page 46)

per. Nobody at the bar knew who he was. Nobody watched the news.

bloated and beaten to be recognized. After receiving the spotlight, the entertainer never returned to that cabaret.

A world-renowned, Emmy-winning TV newscaster used to show up at opening time and quietly read the newspaper. Ernie remembers him as an agreeable guy—vodka martinis straight up and Pall Malls. Nobody at the bar knew who he was. Nobody watched the news. When somebody finally recognized him, he was gone forever.

Dexter Gordon, the late saxophonist, came to drink in his bedroom slippers after shuffling over from his home at Manhattan Plaza. He drank cognac until age forced him to switch to vodka. Ernie did not know who he was.

Some people like that anonymity—just a drink and their thoughts.

But most people attracted to a bar that specializes in excessive drinking do not keep their mouths shut. At the Holland, Ernie catered to their need to be social. He organized a party almost every week, complete with fine eats: sausage and peppers, hamburgers, juicy white pork. It was all you could eat for a dollar—purchase of a beverage required, of course. Every June 6, Ernie threw a party in honor of D Day—the day his wife left him in 1972 for a better man.

There was always an excuse for a party. Some barfly was sure to have a birthday or a funeral. Once Ernie found a photograph of the Italian dictator Mussolini. With no regard for the facts, Ernie pasted the portrait to a poster inviting all to come to the Holland and wish the man, who died strung up by his ankles, a happy birthday. Bad timing had the sign displayed on Memorial Day. An irate woman of Italian descent tried to throw a brick through the plate-glass window at the front of the bar where the advertisement was taped. The flier was removed from that visible location, but the party went on.

Having as much ambition as a man who drinks straight no-name vodka with a bubbling tumbler of Alka Seltzer as a chaser can be expected to muster, Ernie wanted to run his own establishment.

Rents in the neighborhood had been steadily going up. The local bars were slowly fading from the scene, replaced by fast-food restaurants, greasy spoons and take-out Chinese joints. These places didn't even sell beer. Ernie saw opportunity.

The Full Moon Saloon, a sleazy, dangerous Times Square honky-tonk, was up for sale. Ernie took it over. Soon familiar signs and faces filled the bar. Next, Rudy's, a classy bar with red-leather

booths and a jazz jukebox, became available. Finally, the old Savoy fell into Ernie's expanding hands. A circuit was created to keep the neighborhood rummy constantly charged.

But just as the alcoholic's horizons appeared limitless, the unthinkable happened: Ernie no longer manned the bar. Management responsibilities had taken their toll, and a world-class mixologist hung up his bar rag. No longer did he sleep on the mechanical bowling game in the back of the Holland. The only time he could be found was either at closing or during a change in shift.

Ernie's empire grew more and more successful. People want a cheap drink—one that allows the occasional tip to the bartender and still leaves a few bills in their pocket. Ernie delivered.

Yet the Holland suffered from the diversity. Regulars now had a choice, and not all shared a staunch devotion to the Holland's small, no-frills environment. They filtered out to Rudy's or the Moon, and the Holland lost more than merely a bartender and some drunks. The atmosphere changed.

Once, I felt confident that a trip to the Holland was an ensured good time. I could bring a guest there day or night and be certain the experience would impress. Now, I could sit down for one drink and feel no destructive compulsion to stay until I was broke, crazy or both. My neighborhood bar was fading into just another watering black hole.

The trend is undeniable. Nowadays, a bar must have a theme. Whether it is tossing dwarves or decorating exotic cocktails with fresh-fruit-sculpted menageries, drinking has become a game. The loser is Joe Alcohol, with a few sweat-stained, crumpled dollars in his pocket.

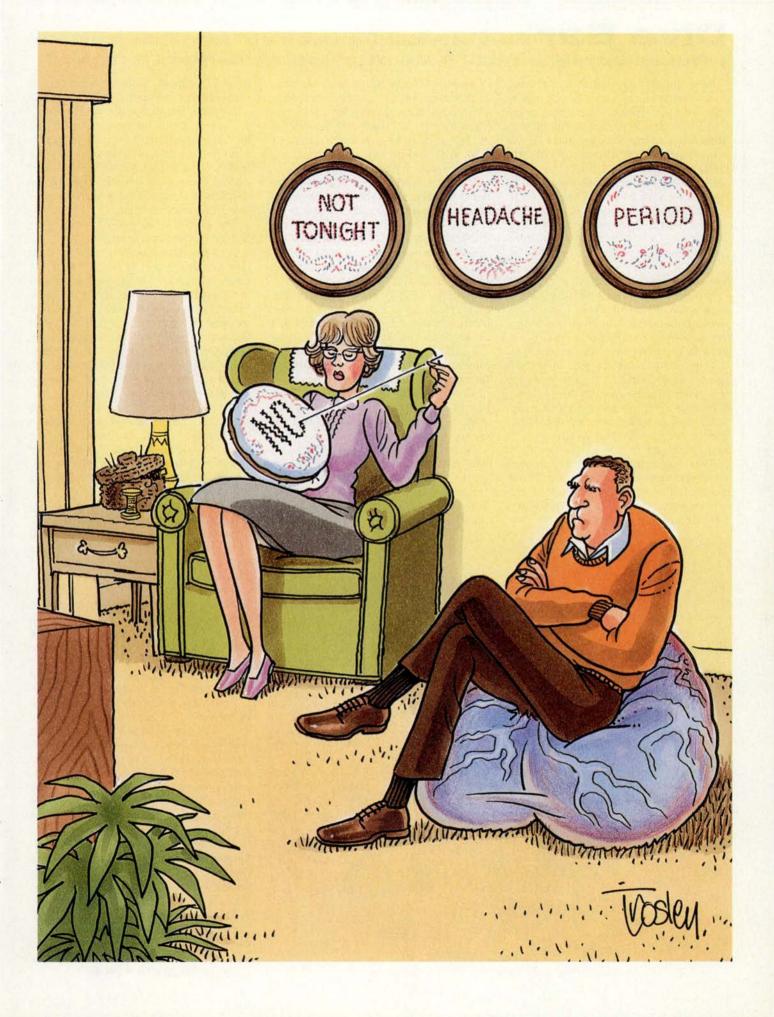
The loser was the Holland bar.

To be sure, a night of surprises was still possible. A 74-year-old military retiree named Colonel Hal could be found dancing to "King of the Road" with men 50 years his junior. Ernie once bragged that Hal lost his virginity to a chicken. Hal, with a perverse smile, denies this.

But Hal, like many others, abandoned the Holland for Rudy's, where his young fan club gathers around him, glued to his tales of becoming a colonel by fucking generals.

The Holland jukebox hardly played anymore, except for every twenty minutes, as it was programmed to do. The icebox no longer held quick-fix cold cuts for liquor-polluted stomachs. Soon, the stock of Jim Beam was used up and replaced with a bile water called Early Times.





Dive Bar Maybe it was the bourbon I had watered down with peppermint schnapps to put me in a jolly seasonal mood that left me so affected. Yet when Little Laura passionately revealed herself, I had an epiphany.

In an attempt to revitalize the Holland, it was briefly run as a gay bar. A bejeweled, heavyset queen became the exclusive bartender. Within months, he was hospitalized, the only remnant of his reign being the addition of Absolut vodka to the stock.

Regulars avoided the place, and a loyal bond was broken. The air conditioner failed in the summer, seats were removed—the Holland seemed to be evaporating like the wet rings left behind from a frosty pint of draft.

The end was approaching.

Violence had been rare when Ernie kept watch. In his absence, I got in my first altercation at the Holland, with a drugged-out drunk loudly looking for trouble. The first punch sobered me up.

"You don't want to end up in jail again," said Charlie, trying to calm the man. Four people saved my life: Charlie, Wrong Way José, my wife and Billy, who was tending bar at the time. Combined, they did not weigh as much as my assailant.

That was a turning point for me. I was frightened to return to my bar. Like a rider falling off a horse, I seated myself up at the bar right away, but things were different.

Soon after my brush with death, a snowstorm left the streets hazardous. Charlie had been missing for a few days. Then he missed a shift and did not call in, which was very unlike him. Concerned friends went in search. They found Charlie in his home, dead.

Charlie's ashes rest in a standard container wedged into the busted neon sign above the bar. A plaque is fixed at the spot of the bar where Charlie sat and drank his beer after a long shift. The only pilsner glass in the bar had been reserved exclusively for Charlie's use, and has since been retired.

Ernie will not go to the Holland anymore. He does not like to be reminded of death. Charlie's demise ended an era. It could get downright depressing.

I followed the crowds to the lighter atmosphere of Rudy's. It is less confrontational, and younger, healthier drinkers populate its dark interior. There is nothing wrong about pouring one back at Rudy's; yet there is also nothing magical about to happen.

I felt disloyal. I made it a point to peer into the Holland when I passed by after work. Sometimes, a merry feeling emanated from the place, and I was drawn in. But more often than not, I waved and picked up my pace so as not

to be called in. My drinking suffered, and I was not able to marshal the pride I once felt in identifying myself as an alcoholic.

There came a rumor that Ernie was tending bar again. It was an exaggeration. He had only filled in for a missing barmaid at the Full Moon Saloon. Still, he had been on the working side of the bar, albeit temporarily, and that somehow filled me with hope.

The period of mourning for Charlie and the Holland had to end.

I purposefully walked into the Holland one evening near the holidays. Little Laura, a regular, was standing on one of the stools. She looks as if she could be somebody's newborn child or ancient ancestor. The jukebox was playing "Hotel California," and Laura was singing along with every word, mutating the trite tune into a harshly honest plea for dignity. Each scene was emotionally acted out without a care to the other patrons' approval.

I watched the show as if it were an exorcism. Laura has an encyclopedic knowledge of the Holland's varied musical selections and had routinely entertained the bar with her stirring renditions of pop standards, but this time it was different.

Maybe it was the bourbon I had watered down with peppermint schnapps to put me in a jolly seasonal mood that left me so affected. Yet when Little Laura passionately revealed herself, I had an epiphany.

The neighborhood bar lives or dies because of the people in that neighborhood. As long as they choose to pickle their livers so they resemble sun-ripened raisins, the Holland will carry on. Change is a constant in New York City, and that cannot be avoided, but so too is terminal alcoholism. That is reason to rejoice.

I consider it my duty to frequent the Holland as much as possible. It is not like the golden age of Ernie's tenure, but there is still liquor sold and a comfortable seat to drink it in. There are others who share my high opinion of the Holland. Our responsibility is to ensure that the bar stays solvent, because Ernie's other properties pull in more profit. But the bar needs volume, not just followers of an idealized tap.

So come to the Holland Cocktail Lounge and pay your respects to Charlie's remains. Get lost in alien verbal land-scapes with Wrong Way José. Have Miss Louie tailor your next dress shirt—that is, if he does not find you a "muthafucker!" If you are lucky to survive till closing, shake Ernie's hand when he makes his brief appearance. Slur your words so he knows he has your liver too.



"I couldn't help it. All those choir boys were so cute!"

Reading the Lips of Love

HUSTLER Decodes the Secret Language of Labes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEX EBEL

Pussy is the ultimate focus of any thinking man. Scholars of snatch abound. Within academia and down at the local gas station, learned men are studiously considering the myriad varieties and characteristics of the female genitalia. Valiant, selfless snizz scientists, working often without any financial support from government grants, put in hard, extended hours investigating the mysteries of muff. In the spiritual realm, mystics have long sought and found a higher knowledge through contemplation of the primeval cunt's intricate folds.

We of the snizz-research community have arrived at some shared insights. The cunt savant, merely by looking at a lady's face, can deduce the physical characteristics of her honey gulch. Adjudging the fullness and pout quotient of a lady's facial lips, the cooch investigator infers the shape, engorgement and fullness of the below-waist lips. An expert twat-eye gauges the slope, length and pitch of a female subject's nose and derives the angle and extent of her clitoris's protrusion. Even an untrained amateur observer can, with a little practice, assay the width and breadth of a woman's mouth and construe the size of her lower hole.

As a woman's face holds all the secrets of her pussy, so does her pussy hold the key to divining the characteristics of her personality and soul. An art and a science, the gift of reading cunts is akin to telling fortunes from the lines on the palm of a hand, only harder and more fun to learn. The following private parts, categorized under handy celebrity headings, are not intended to represent those of the public figures named. The cum crumpets are, more precisely, definitive illustrations of vaginal archetypes as personified by the titular women. Look with us deep into the heart of the feminine mystique and unravel its mysteries.



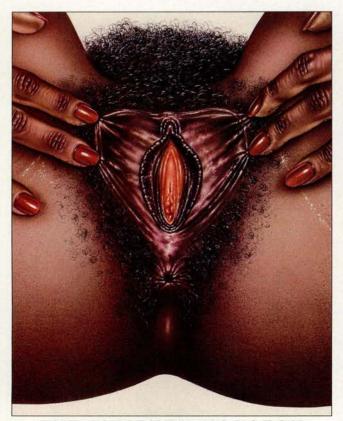
THE HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON

With imperious sail flaps of pink flesh, a gash as tight as her ass, this stately ship is fit for a Commander-in-Chief, and all of his staff.



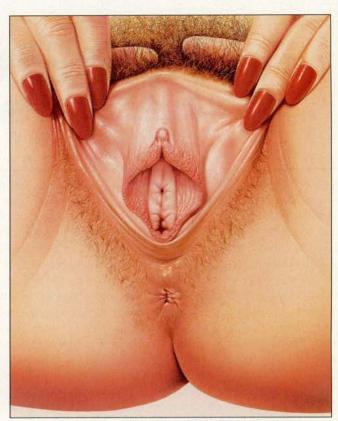
THE DEMI MOORE

A hungry, all-consuming maw, power mad, never satisfied, she's a wet, warm whirling cavern echoing, <u>More</u>, <u>more</u>, <u>more!</u>



THE WHITNEY HOUSTON

A crimson-slashed, black-winged bat from a dark, exotic continent, this far-flying fur-slit tunes in on the high notes and swirls for passion's peaks.



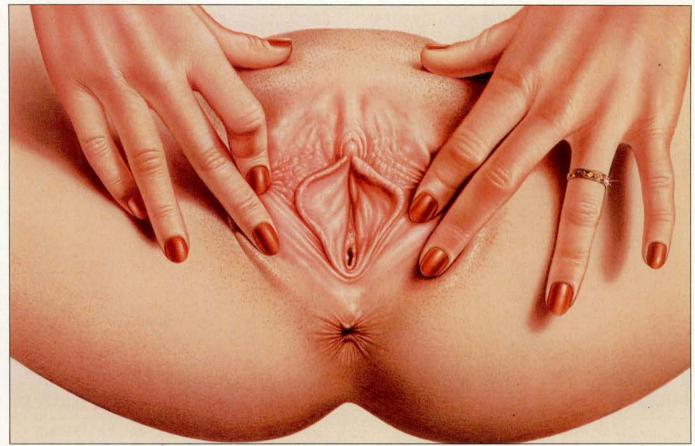
THE JULIA ROBERTS

A pretty woman is pretty from her top to her bottom, and on her inside too; her full-face smile promises a wide-open grin in her groin below.



THE KATIE COURIC

Perky, up early, a tight little mug with pop-out eyes, she's fresh in the morning, chirpy and charm dripping, erecting dicks in time for sunrise.



THE DREW BARRYMORE

So young, so open, she's squeaky-clean, smooth-shaven, slick and ready for action, an adventurous young clam, gaping and gasping for all venturers.



THE HEATHER LOCKLEAR

The plush and pure happy face of a wet-dreaming California prize, she's fit for rock-star dick and TV fantasy.

Heaven is between her thighs.



THE MARCIA CLARK

The case is never closed. Her fleshy, gum-colored sidebars overlap the access to her private chambers. She is mulling over fresh evidence. The prosecution never rests.



THE COURTNEY LOVE

A hole and nothing more, a hole at its stripped essence and core, a hole that knows what a hole is for, a hole and nothing more, the hole that invented the whore.



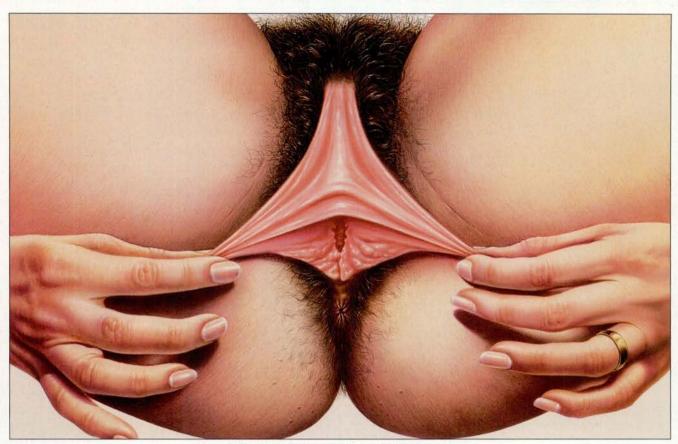
THE SANDRA BULLOCK

The standard beauty pussy-next-door: sweet, fuzzy, pleasant to the taste and touch. All told, our hometown honey pouch has become a Hollywood slot of gold.



THE JANE FONDA

Aged like a fine flank steak, stewed in a marinade of savory sauces, tenderized by tumultuous decades of revolutionary pounding, she's rich, refined and ready to be ripped into.



THE WINONA RYDER

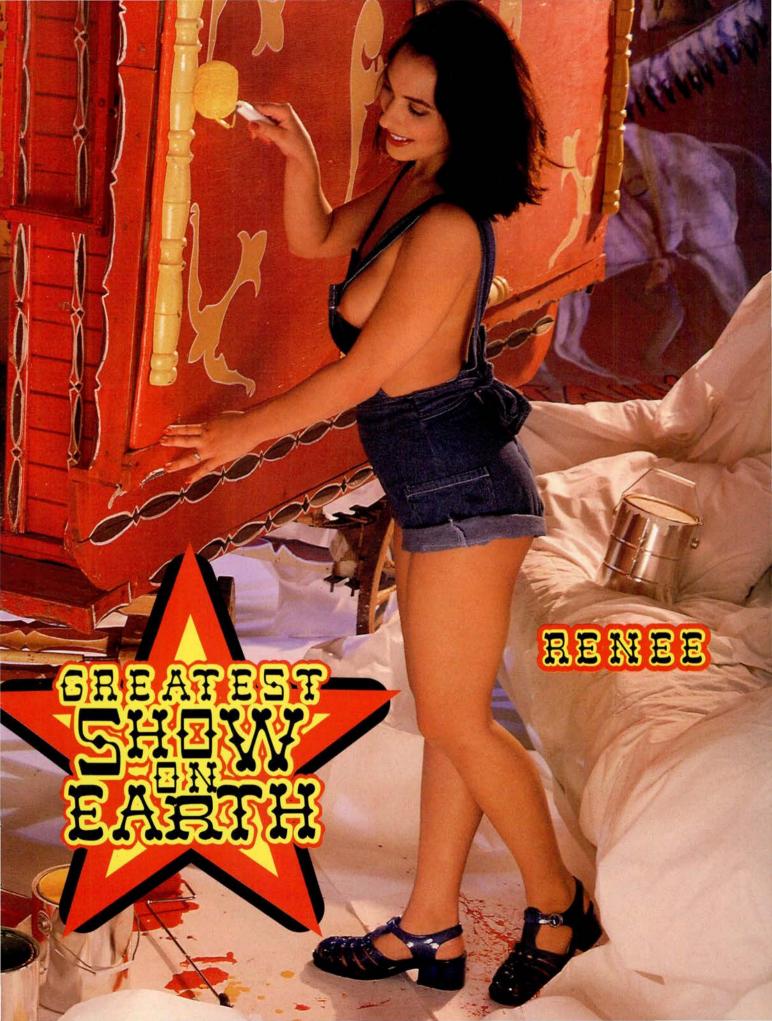
Yesterday's little-girl ingenue protege is today's wide-winged star floozy; what her coochie lacks in pristine purity, it makes up for with snappy elasticity.



THE PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY

Old and bitter, big and bad, a pothole and a pitfall, a crevice as closed as its mind, a sealed chasm full of poison flow, venom, acids and deathly fluids of every kind.

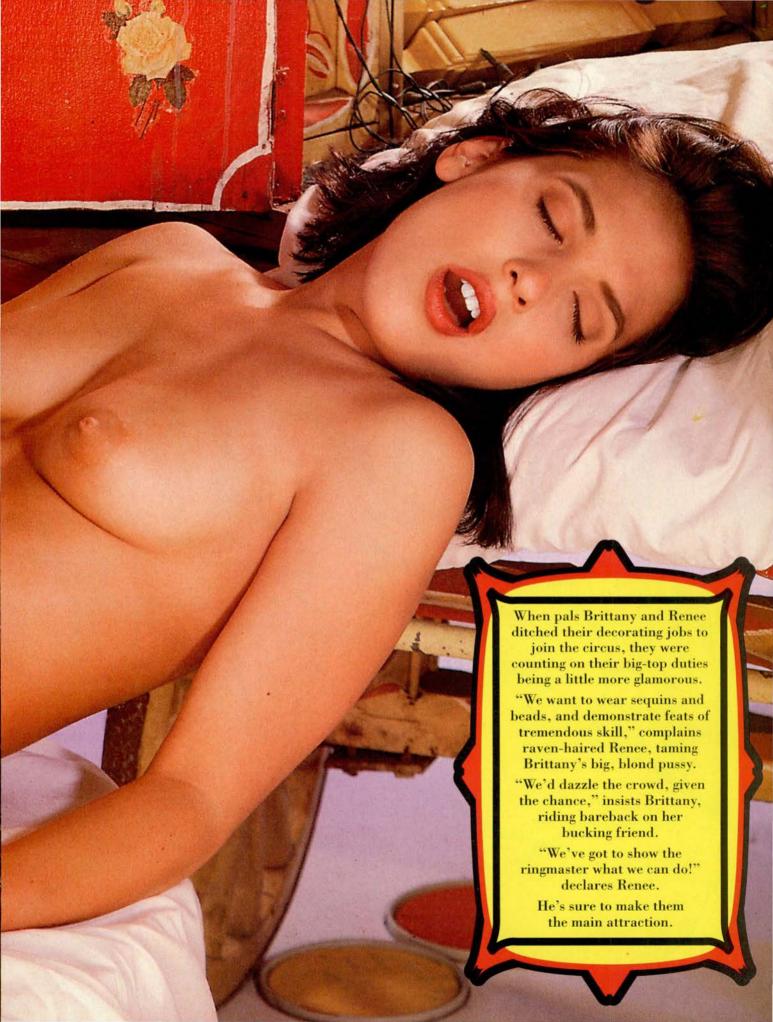


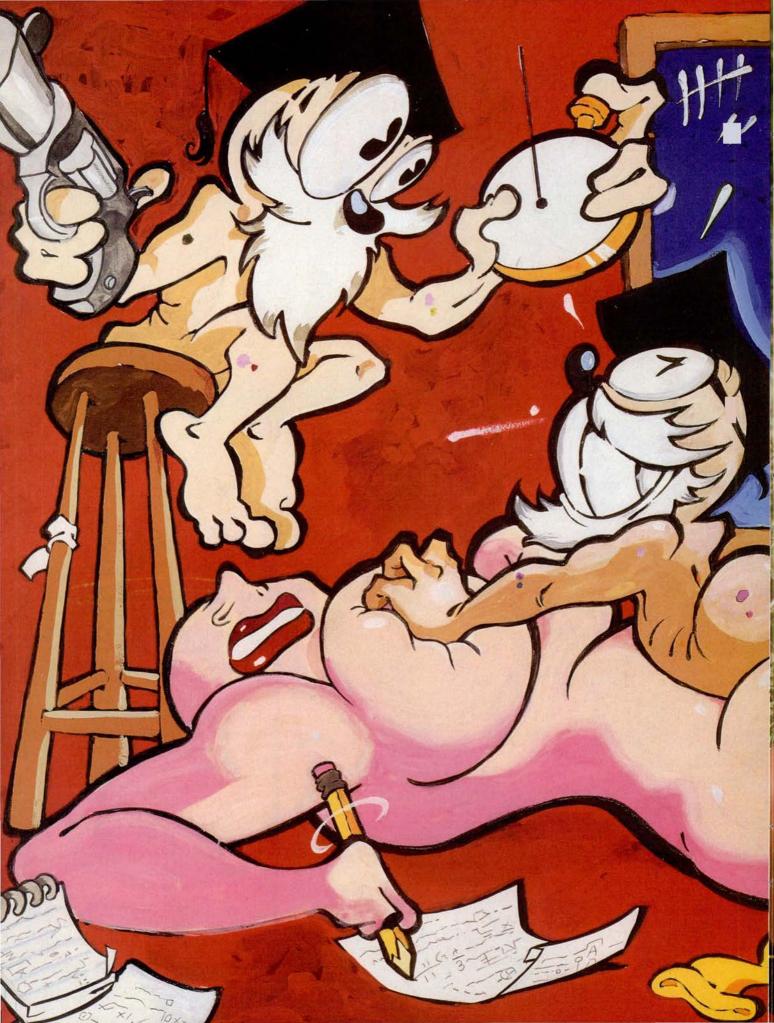












WHERE SUBBERGE THE THE THE THE

HUSTLER TEST-DRIVES THE '96 CONDOM

REPORT BY CALVIN MOORE . ILLUSTRATION BY LOU HEPTON

Lubed or unlubed, studded or ribbed, skin-tight or baggy— How's a guy in the fast lane supposed to choose the right Tote for his tool? The following survey uncovers what the Best-protected dick will wear.



Rubber Like beer, condoms may all seem the same to the inexperienced; but any guy who hopes to impress a woman by ordering her a Pabst's Blue Ribbon can plan on another lonely evening of the ultimate safe sex.

Approximately 15 years ago, the first in a long procession of homosexual Haitian junkies woke up with a far worse case of the shakes than his morning fix could remedy. Today, more than a million Americans—including heterosexuals—carry HIV, the virus that causes AIDS, and the count rises by one every 13 minutes. The resulting hysteria has spawned dull TV movies, an outbreak of red ribbons and a hitherto unthinkable epidemic—women who don't allow anything into their orifices that isn't swaddled in a sheath of industry-standard, 0.07 millimeters-thick latex.

That's the bad news. The good news is that the American people, an irascibly passionate bunch, would never let the tragic loss of Liberace prevent them from having a good time. Condoms fly out of drugstores, supermarkets and 7-Elevens at an annual rate of 450 million.

On the downside, the population of the United States is 261 million, which suggests that everyone reading these words fucked with, or was fucked by, approximately 1.72 of those slippery scumbags. Bagging one or two bedmates a year may seem an impressive tally to the circulation of Reader's Digest, but HUSTLER's audience is known for the variety and frequency of its couplings. Comparing

statistical condom use with the average number of notches on a HUSTLER reader's belt suggests a disturbing disparity: Many aren't playing it safe.

A recent survey cited by Consumer Reports found that people who engage in unprotected sex with multiple partners outnumber regular condom users by 11 to one. Perhaps the daredevil bareback rider never stops to ponder the one million Americans who contract a sexually transmitted disease each month; or perhaps, when the media first erupted in graphic talk of shared bodily fluids 15 years ago, he never considered the legion of impressionable toddlers who would come of age as today's nubile young ladies.

Most likely, the anti-rubber brigade is simply uninformed. The array of condom manufacturers is bewildering enough, but the seemingly endless variations—including spermicidal, lubricated, studded, ribbed and vibra-ribbed—can seem downright hostile to the hurried suitor who needs to rush a date home before she sobers up. Like beer, condoms may all seem the same to the inexperienced; but any fellow who hopes to impress a beautiful woman across the bar by ordering her a Pabst's Blue Ribbon can plan on another lonely evening of the ul-

timate safe sex. In the interest of public health and happiness, HUSTLER's crack research department takes the guesswork out of shopping for sheaths by diving in dick-first.

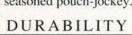
Unless a potential condom customer hasn't purchased protection since the 1950s, he or she is probably aware that the days of hemming and hawing to the blue-haired old lady behind the local drugstore counter, accompanied by disgusted looks from the townsfolk, are as dead as Elvis Presley. Today, even K-Mart boasts an impressive assortment of prominently displayed prophylactics. Specialty shops such as Condom Mania have cropped up around the country, stocking their shelves with obscure brand names including Wet & Wild, Wild Buck and Power Play. The nude, beefcake hunk who adorns Power Play's colorful box, however, should serve as a reminder that the condom boutique's primary clientele has no need for contraceptionor pussy in general.

No matter what type of emporium one chooses to frequent, the prices are quite affordable. Of the more than 30 different latex brands tested by HUSTLER's Research Department, the most expensive—Trojan Very Thin, at \$1.43 per cock sock—still costs less than an abortion or the removal of genital warts.

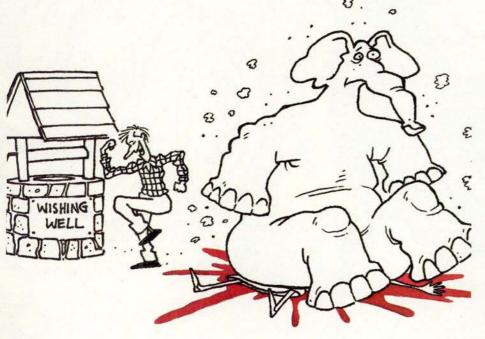
When it comes to averting pregnancy and disease, money should be no object. The crucial factors at play in condom selection are durability, lubricity, personality and fuckability.

In one of the most sought-after sequesterings since the O.J. Simpson trial, John and Jane Doe (not their real names) were chosen for one paid week of closely monitored, around-the-clock intercourse at Sunset Boulevard's Egyptian Motel, accompanied by HUSTLER's researcher.

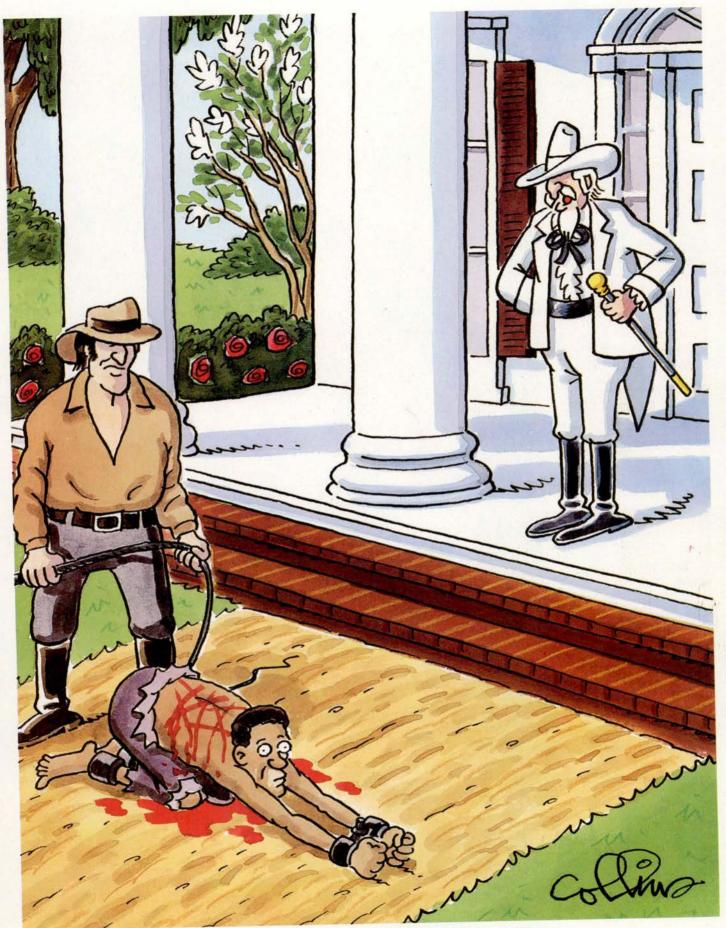
Although food and cable-television costs were not compensated by the Research Department, HUSTLER provided the Does with sex toys, hand towels, water-based lubricants (as opposed to oilbased lubricants, such as Vaseline and Crisco, which tend to weaken latex) and a comprehensive cross section of condoms currently available on the open market. The results may surprise even the most seasoned pouch-jockey.



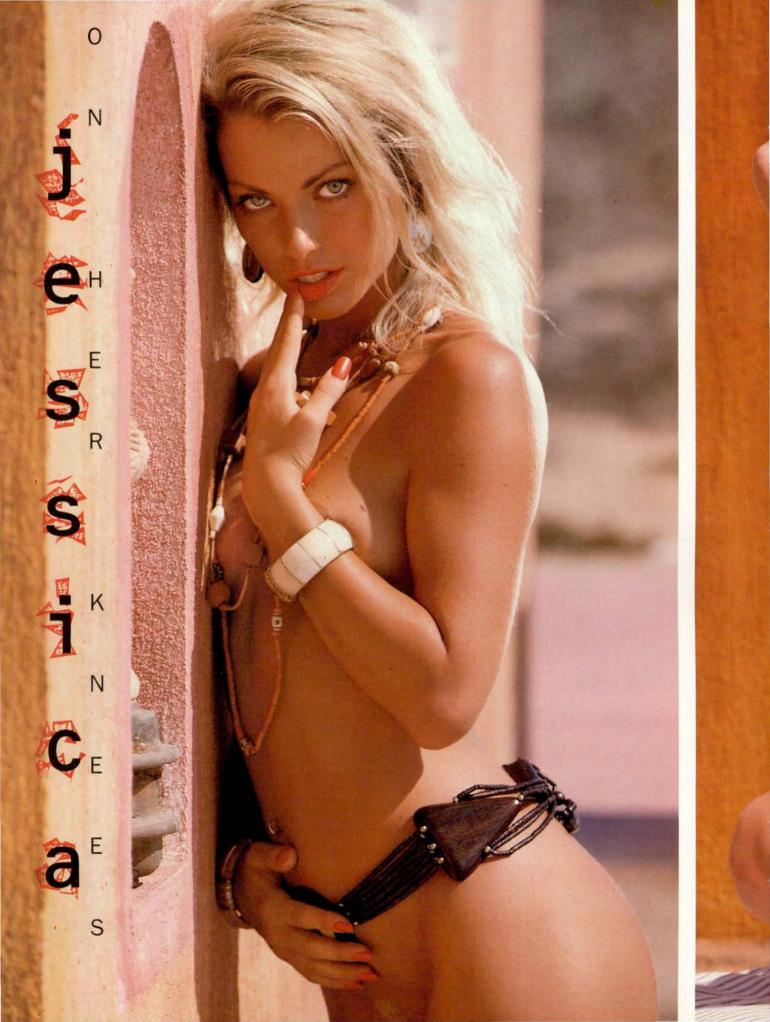
Condom manufacturers voluntarily spotcheck each lot of their product for leaks. At the behest of the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), an air-burst test has (continued on page 86)



TWAINE TINELEY.



"Everything is always about race with you people, isn't it?"







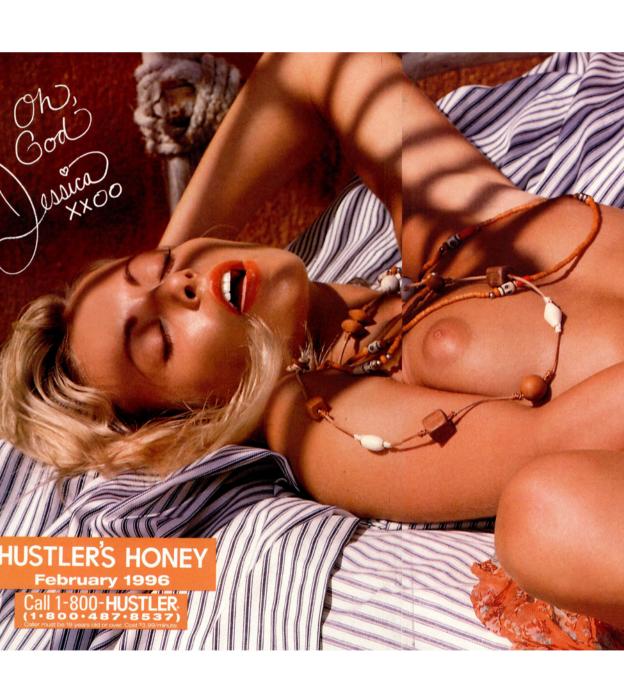










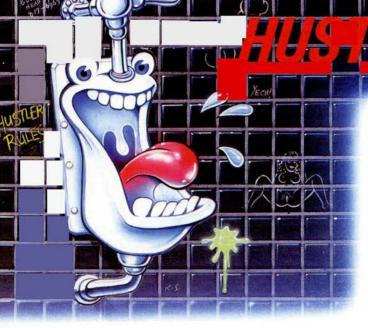








Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker



Tough Tony hired Norman, a deaf mute mathematical genius, to run his racketeering finances. After a profitable year, Tony double-checked the books and discovered that two million dollars in cash was missing. Goons were dispatched to find the accountant.

An hour later, Norman was dragged in, accompanied by his brother Nick, who could speak sign language. Tony growled at Nick: "You tell that son of a bitch that I want to know where he's got my dough!"

After a quick exchange, the translator reported that Norman knew nothing about the money.

Tony produced a gun. He pressed it to Norman's temple, and barked: "This deaf fucker better squeal, or I'll blow his brains out!"

Nick signed the message to Norman, who frantically confessed that the loot was hidden in three shoe boxes stashed in his closet.

"What's the answer?" Tony spit.

"He called you a pussy," Nick intoned, "and he said you don't have the balls to blow his brains out."

Question: How can you tell where the Amish people live in Appalachia?

Answer: They have a dead horse up on blocks in the front yard.

he Secretary of State burst into the Oval Office with a long face, announcing: "I've got some good news and some bad news, Bill."

"Give me the bad news first," Clinton sighed.

"Fifty Japanese tourists were taken hostage today in Times Square," the Secretary informed him.

"What's the good news?" the President wondered.

"We have 40,000 pictures of the terrorists."

Question: How is a wife like a parole officer?

Answer: Neither one of them will ever let you finish a sentence.

Three pregnant women were happily knitting in an obstetrician's waiting room. After a while, one of them put down her yarn and swallowed a pill.

"If you don't mind me asking," her neighbor inquired, "what was that tablet you just took?"

"Iron," the woman replied. "I don't want my baby to be anemic."

The quizzical mom-to-be smiled, momentarily stopped knitting, then popped a caplet of her own. "I take calcium," she explained. "I want my baby to have strong bones."

A few minutes later, the third expectant mother laid her needles aside, opened her purse, and emptied half a medicine bottle down her throat. "It's Thalidomide," she volunteered. "I don't know how to knit sleeves."

Question: What's the best part of marrying a woman with leprosy?

Answer: She can only give you lip once.

A Christian, a Muslim and a Jew met at an interfaith convention. Over dinner, they discussed their most profound religious experiences.

"I was on an airplane," the Christian recalled, "during a violent hurricane. I prayed to Jesus for deliverance and, sure enough, the wind calmed and the rain stopped in a 1,000-foot radius surrounding our jet. We made it safely to the airport, and I've been devout ever since."

The Muslim nodded. "While on my way to Mecca," he related, "an incredible sandstorm arose, nearly burying me and my camel. I begged Allah for mercy and the ground in a circle spanning 1,000 feet around me was at peace for the duration of my journey. My belief has never wavered from that day on."

Finally, it was the Jew's turn. "On my way back from temple one Sabbath evening," he remembered, "I saw a sack of money lying by the roadside. It was obviously abandoned and would have been mine to take, except that to handle currency on the Sabbath is forbidden. I fell to my knees, asked Yahweh for guidance and, suddenly, for 1,000 feet all around me, it was Tuesday!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines hit and run as: a cocktail made with equal parts vodka and prune juice.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

WELCOME

"Some people say I don't care about the little guy. Are they kidding? Look at him!"

Rubber The blissfully scalding heat that makes the vagina a far more appealing receptacle than a largemouth bass or watermelon can also act as a furnace that could liquefy the wrap on a man's wick like candle wax.

been employed since 1994; water pressure, the industry's previous method, could only expose holes 100 times bigger than the HIV virus.

Hooking up condoms to a helium tank may be good fun for a government bureaucrat; however, this method hardly takes into account the red-hot, sweaty intensity of a toe-curling crotch-lock. The blissfully scalding heat that makes the vagina a far more appealing receptacle for penile intrusion than a largemouth bass or watermelon can also act as a furnace that threatens to liquefy the wrap on a man's wick like candle wax. Condom lore is rife with tales of the unfortunate wearer who withdrew to discover only a tight, elastic ring around his cock base.

HUSTLER's researcher remedied the FDA's discrepancy by rolling condoms onto a standard-issue hair dryer set on full blast. Not one of the various brands melted. A Kling-Tite Naturalamb condom

tore, however, after subsequent use by John and Jane. Perhaps the Naturalamb, made from lamb intestines, simply "cooked" under the intense temperature. A more likely explanation would be the 2% to 5% failure rate that most studies attribute to "consumer misuse"-a description that would certainly include fucking Jane Doe in the ass with sheep membrane that's been attached to a hair dryer for two hours. ("Skin" condoms, it should be noted, are porous; although the microscopic holes are small enough to obstruct the entry of sperm cells, they may allow bacteria and viruses to pass through. Naturalamb and Fourex, the most popular brands, are recommended only as contraception for users allergic to latex.)

LUBRICITY

Lubricants are primarily a matter of personal choice. In tests of tensile strength, glazed condoms (usually

basted in glycerin or surgical jelly) tend to perform the same as their juiceless counterparts.

Most manufacturers have boosted their lubes with the spermicide nonoxynol-9. Scientists claim that a test tube full of this wonder substance kills sperm and neutralizes the microbes for HIV. After many lonely nights at the lab, these same scientists came to the brilliant conclusion that a cold, glass test tube is not quite the same as a hot, wet pussy. No one since has bothered to find out if nonoxynol-9 works effectively in a real live vagina. In any case, the Federal Centers for Disease Control and Prevention has declared dry latex barriers "sufficient."

But for those who choose lubed, the type of grease soaking the bag can make or break a sexual encounter. Condoms with a particularly oily coating often (continued on page 96)

BRAND	PRICE*	INCHES	COMMENTS	OVERALL PERFORMANCE
Ramses Extra Ribbed	\$1.00	71/2	Clings tightly	B+; forces semen back to base of penis
Ramses Extra Ribbed Sheik Elite	\$0.73	71/2	Sturdy build gives penis a streamlined appearance	A; strong and sensitive
Kling-Tite Naturalamb	\$3.33	71/2	Made from sheepgut; ties around base of penis with drawstring	F; broke during test
LUBRICITE BRAND	PRICE*	INCHES	COMMENTS	OVERALL PERFORMANCE
Reyond Seven Plus	\$1.11	71/2	Gently lubed; spermicide	A; slick and classy
Maxx Plus	\$1.25	8	"25% larger head" makes for more comfortable fit; spermicide	A+; best large condom
Sheik Classic	\$1.33	73/4	Thick; difficult to roll on; spermicide	A; greasy but good
onorable mention Kiss of Mint	\$1.17	7	Recommended for oral sex only; dry and scented	A; delicious
LifeStyles Vibra-Ribbed	\$0.83	71/2	"Vibra-Ribs" could cause vaginal snagging; seems to have been packaged in pus	F; thoroughly unpleasant
Class Act	\$0.52	8	Inexpensive; very wet	D; foul-smelling lube
Prime	\$1.16	7	Snug fit; difficult to remove from penis	D-; uncomfortable
PERSONA				
BRAND	PRICE*	INCHES	COMMENTS	OVERALL PERFORMANCE
Beyond Seven Plus	\$1.11	7 1/2	Blue latex; "carrying case"	A; smart and practical
Sheik Classic	\$1.33	73/4	lvy-League color scheme	A-; handsome, but conservative
Trojan (assorted)	\$1.26-\$1.43	8-9	Pastels and passionate couples	A+; old faithful
Contempo Erotica Love Gasket	\$1.17	8	Photo of a contorted female back	D-; will disturb most women
Love Gasket	\$1.25	71/2	Ugly black-and-red hearts	D-; tacky, generic-looking
Ultima (various)	\$0.99	7-8	Photos of half-naked blondes	F; most women will become jealous of the box
FUCKABI	LITY PRICE*	INCHES	COMMENTS	OVERALL PERFORMANCE
Kimono	\$1.25	8	Lubricated; Oriental motif; top-of-the-line scumbag	A; smooth but firm
Kimono Sensation	\$1.25	8	Lubricated; textured; decreased sensitivity	A+; increased staying power
Maxx Plus	\$1.25	8	"Plus-size" version of Kimono; wider, but not significantly longer	A+; roomy and reliable

71/2

8

Textured

Lubricated; green latex

Lubricated: packaged with "applicator"

\$0.84

\$1.17

\$1.33

Rough Rider

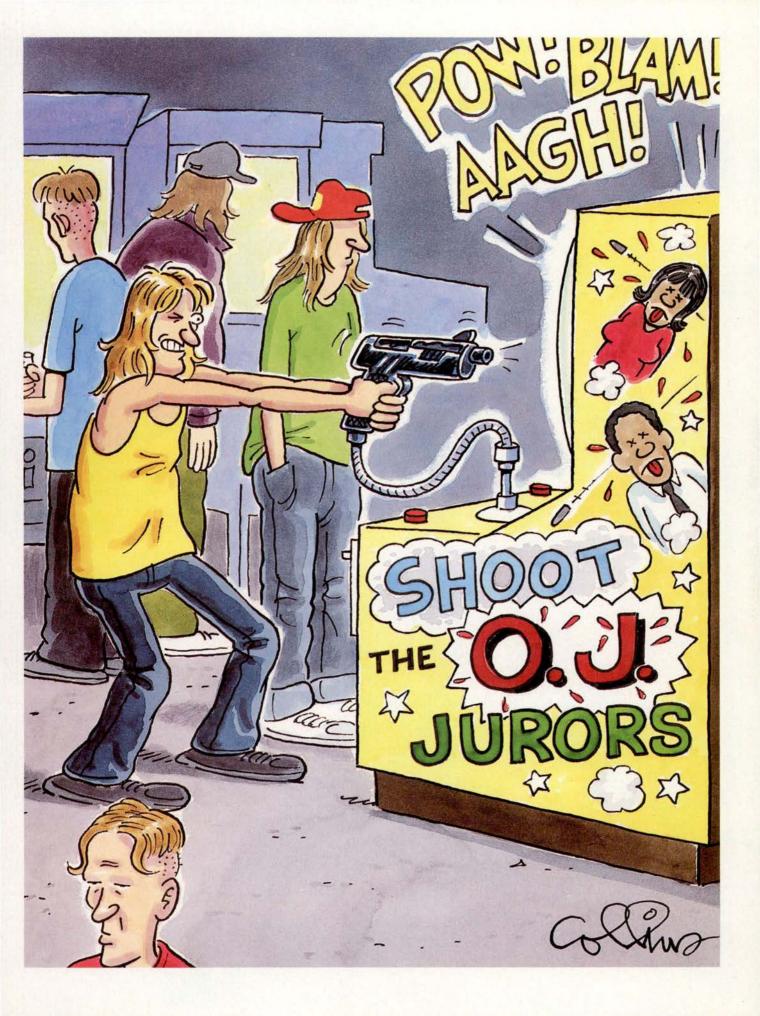
Sagami Type E

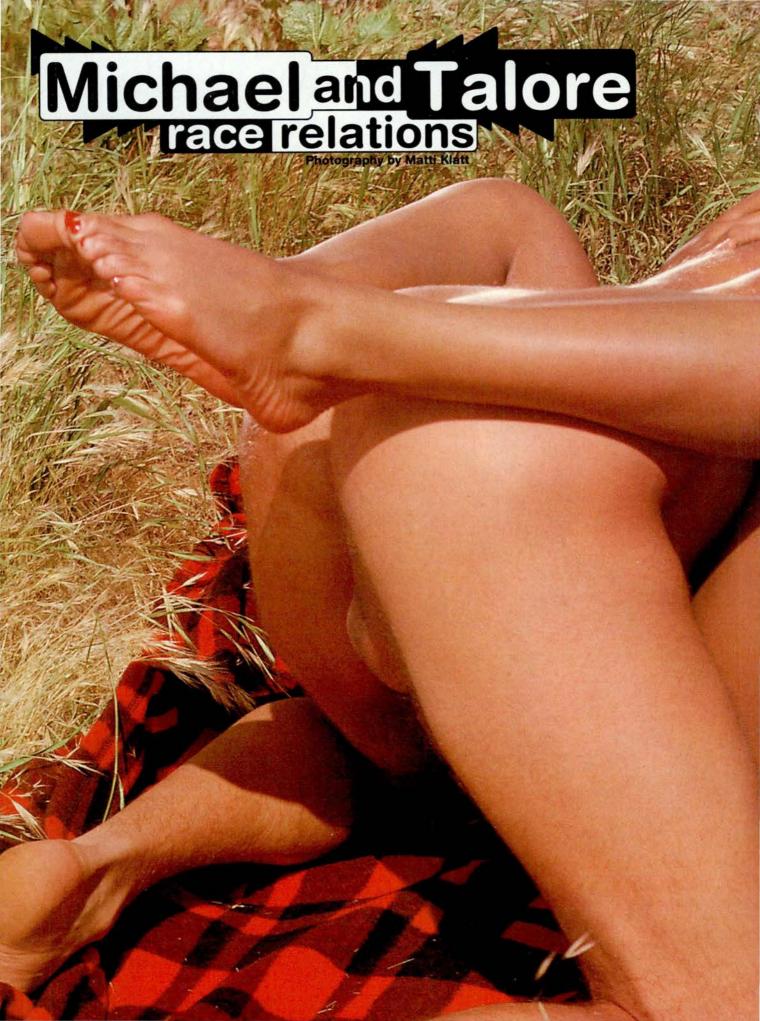
Trojan Mentor

C-: too rough

D+; slimy and unpleasant

D-; expensive, ridiculous gimmick





















Rubber The white, viscous lube that oozed out of the package was so profoundly unarousing, the couple coughed up five dollars for a Pay-Per-View showing of Dumb and Dumber, and called it a night.

have a bitter, sphincter-puckering taste.

John Doe learned a lesson in lube etiquette the hard way when he unrolled and adorned a Class Act condom, climbed on top of Jane, mauled her tits with his sticky fingers, entered her cunt with a pelvic thrust and then sucked both of her nipples in rapid succession. The fire in John's loins was immediately doused by the taste of Class Act's nasty, foul-smelling coating. He lost his erection and vowed never to ask Jane to suck on a lubricated condom again. Relieved. Jane pointed out that other stomach-churning brands include Prime, Trojan Magnum, Ultima Bravo and Ultima Wild Buck.

Dry condoms solve the dilemma of safe oral sex for the squeamish. One brand, Contempo's Kiss of Mint, is notso-subtly aimed at the cocksucking crowd with the promise, "Delicious! and a photo of luscious, red, puckered lips. At first, Jane dismissed the very idea of Kiss of Mint as "tacky"; after John talked her into a few tentative licks, she proclaimed the flavor "actually good" (when, of course, her mouth wasn't full of John's cock).

Unfortunately, like its nonlubricated brethren, Kiss of Mint was judged "a lousy lay" by John and Jane. Dry con-

doms may add more friction to vaginal and anal intercourse, but as far as this test couple was concerned, "The wetter, the better."

Jane selected Beyond Seven Plus as the most pleasing of the soggy bunch; John gave the nod to Sheik Classic, Kimono and Maxx Plus, all exemplary slickers. (Both test subjects refused to experiment with a LifeStyles Vibra-Ribbed condom. The white, viscous lube that oozed out of the package was so profoundly unarousing, the couple coughed up five dollars for a Pay-Per-View showing of Dumb and Dumber, and called it a night.)

PERSONALITY

In male-female relations, nothing is more important than first impressions—except for second impressions, third impressions and every single microscopic detail that might end a sexually charged evening with a polite handshake and the scribble of somebody else's phone number. Condom selection, revealed only at the most crucial threshold, is considered by many an evening's moment of truth. Women look to the choice of protection-or lack thereof-as an indicator of how a man takes care of the essential component of self most dear to him.

HUSTLER's researcher interviewed a random cross section of female condom customers at a local supermarket. As with so many other mysteries of the opposite sex, the spoils go to the guy with the nicest package.

"These are totally gross," groaned Carrie, a 24-year-old receptionist faced with the Ultima line of condoms. The boxes sport full-color photos of mostly nude models, each disconcertingly frozen in mid-laughter-as if these dream girls have just been presented with less than Ultima-sized stuffing for their product. "What kind of freak buys condoms just to jerk off over them?"

"Oh, Sheik!" giggled 21-year-old student Alicia when handed a box of Sheik Classics. "I've seen the ads on MTV. This grunge dude is screaming about condoms or something-I can't really remember. I know it was cool though." Not so cool was Sheik's color scheme, dismissed by Alicia as "pukegreen and brown on cream. Total prepschool-dude condom. That's not my type, but some girls might be into it."

Thirty-year-old fashion designer Gwen beheld the Gold Circle Rainbow Coin with amusement.

"Packaging a blue condom in a little foil coin is a cute idea," she conceded, "but any guy who would whip one out of his wallet is probably a fag. This reminds me of those swinger medallions that were popular in the disco era. Can I keep it?" After turning down Gwen's request, the researcher presented 26year-old visual artist Helen with LifeStyles Ultra Sensitive.

"What a joke," snorted Helen. "Like you're supposed to believe some guy is sensitive and caring just because he wears a condom. This box is so bland and gray. I'd say LifeStyles are for geeky men.

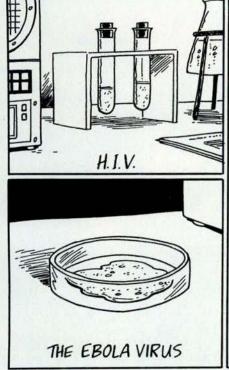
Maxx Plus, emblazoned with the legend BEST OF THE LARGER CONDOMS, failed to elicit kinder thoughts from Helen. "When a guy pulls out a largesize condom, his dick is never going to live up to the size I envision in my mind. He's probably just trying to impress me anyway."

If the words of these women seem especially harsh, the rubber Romeo should ponder the one brand name that reverberated through nearly every interview. Trojan packaging was repeatedly described as "the prettiest" and "the most professional.'

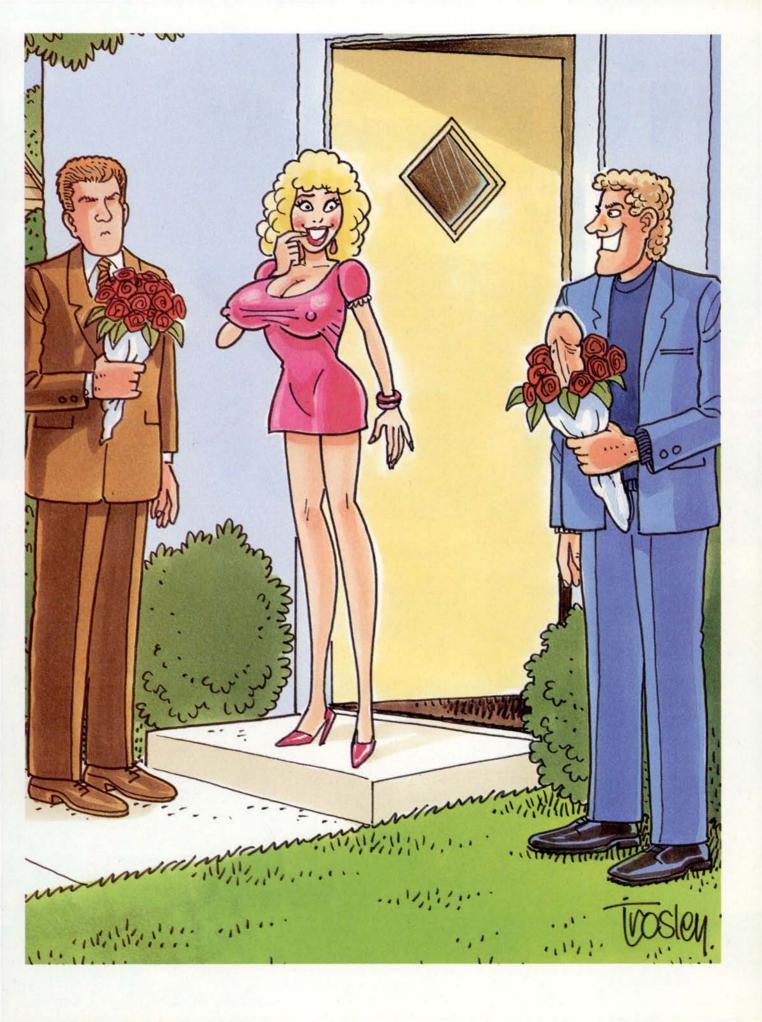
"Trojan is a name you can trust," exalted 27-year-old copy-shop worker Kym.

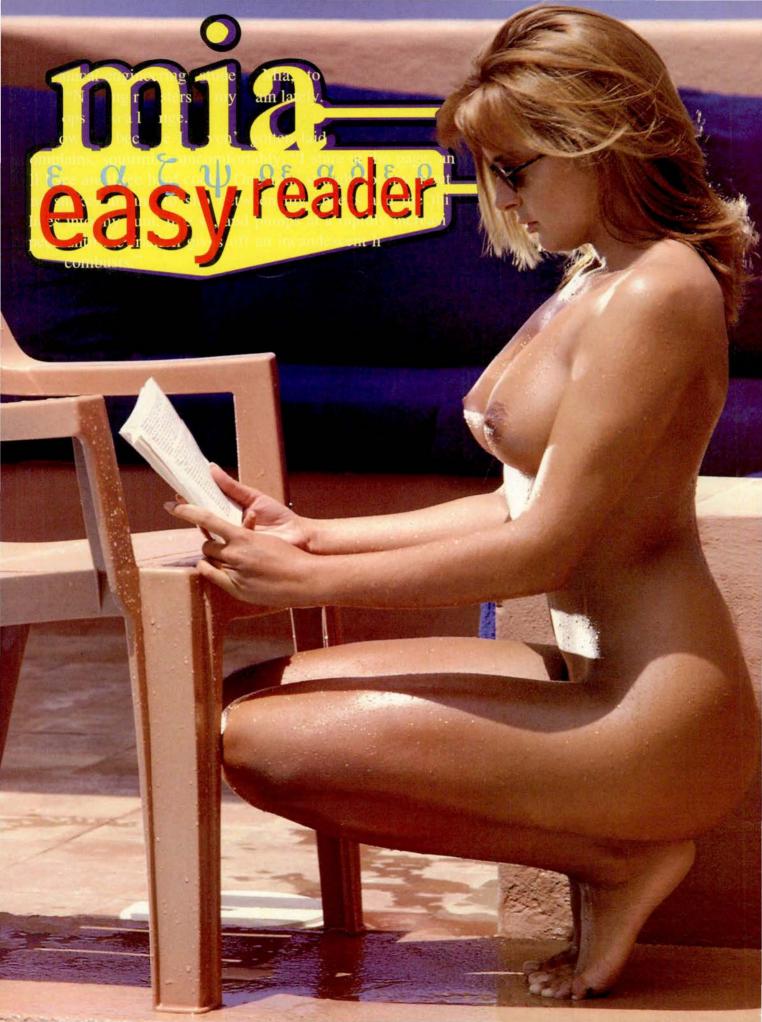
(continued on page 122)

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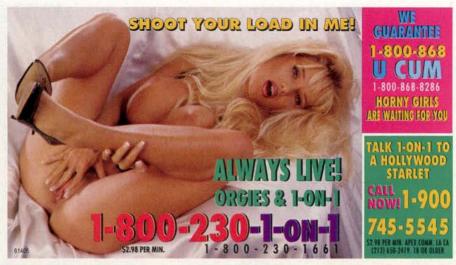
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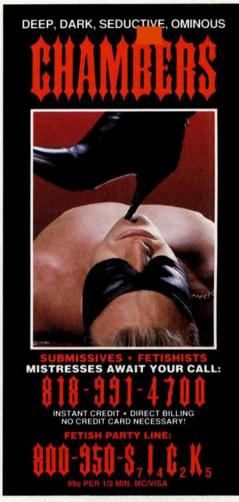


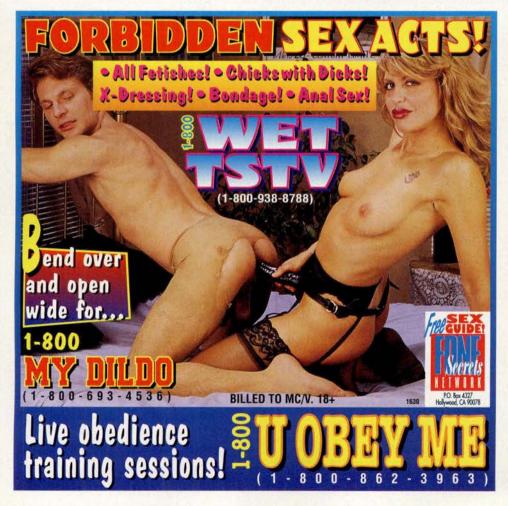
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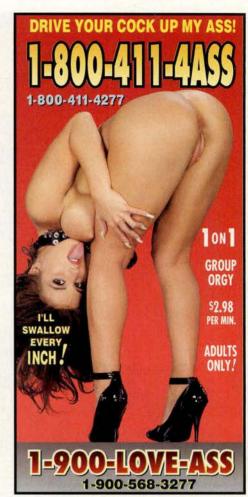




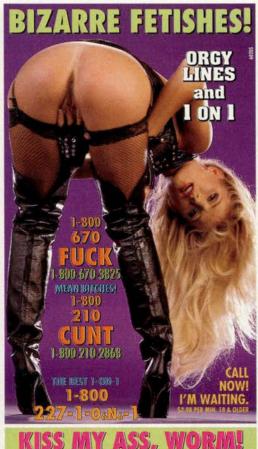


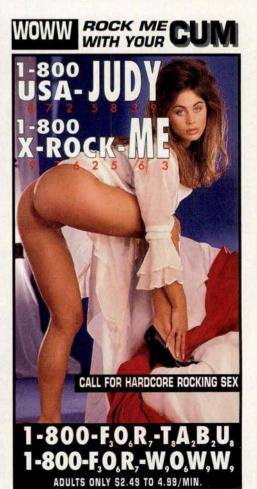












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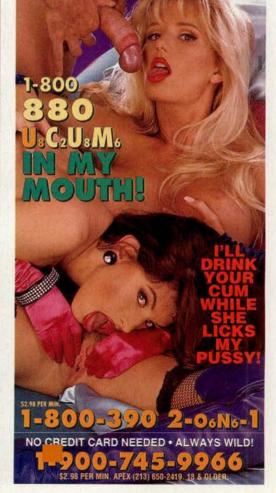
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Katelin is a busy student and part-time dancer making her home in Boston, Massachusetts. Keeping herself in fine form, the naughty 19-year-old hikes, dances, travels and draws in her spare time. She also fantasizes about having sex with at least two guys at once.

City

Occupation

Photo by Friend

Attention, ladies! The 1996 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$250 and a chance at the 1996 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth \$5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500. and the Finalists' photographers win \$250. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.



Barely 18 years old, Lissette is quick to embrace her budding sexuality, and legality. A student from Miami, Florida, lusty Lissette reads comics and rides her bike when she's not doing hard time in the school library. Her fantasy is to fuck a girl and a guy at the same time. May her wishes come true-on film preferably.

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PRI N EA S Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name Sexual Fantasies (Include separate sheet if necessary) Name to be published Phone (include area code) Date of birth Model's Social Security number Photographer Address

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Lean and shaved clean, Emily comes to Beaver Hunt from St.
Louis, Missouri. Only 21 years old, this limber babe works as an
entertainer and lists no hobbies or fantasies. That could mean
she's boring. It probably means she's too busy fucking to fill out
entry forms.

Photo by Friend



An adorable marketing consultant from Houston, Texas, Michelle could give pussy shaving consultations on the side. With hobbies such as swimming, bicycling and having sex in public places, it's no wonder Michelle has such a contented look on her face.

Photo by Fiance

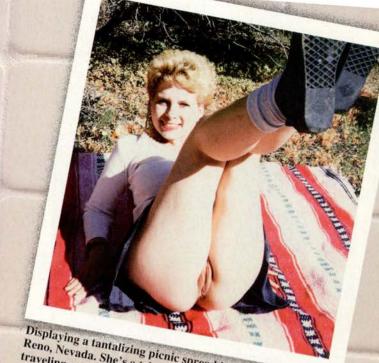
A pretty face, enormous breasts and a positive attitude qualify Kelley for *Beaver Hunt* immortality. Just 23 years old and already a mother and a student, the Charleston, West Virginia, resident has of fantasies—and inspires quite a few too.



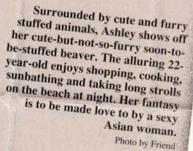
Debbie works as an ophthalmic technician. After seeing this view, you'll want to get your eyes checked out. The proud owner of an ass that any man would love to get behind, the 35-year-old Palm Beach, Florida, resident gets her kicks playing a variety of water sports and would like to fuck in outer space. A stairway on earth will do.

Photo by Fiance





Displaying a tantalizing picnic spread is 26-year-old Alicyn of Reno, Nevada. She's a telephone operator who enjoys reading traveling and, of course, eating lots of pussy. She longs to find a Photo by Husband







A dancer by trade, 20-year-old Raven makes her home in Akron, Ohio. Horseback riding and dancing make her feel good. Checking out her photo makes us feel good. Quoth HUSTLER, "Ever more." Photo by Friend

Showing that she understands the subtler aspects of the Beaver Hunt, Melanie is a 26-year-old teacher from Phoenix, Arizona. She enjoys modeling, flirting and singing in the church choir, and fantasizes about getting nasty with a certain father. If it will keep him away from little boys, go for it.

Photo by Friend





Coming across lovely Ashley of Rockaway, New York, lying in this enticing pose, who couldn't resist giving her a pearl necklace? She makes a living in film production (unfortunately behind the camera), and her hobbies include dancing, skating and yoga. She'd like to make love all night in a tent on a Caribbean beach.

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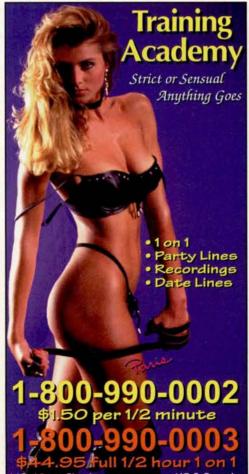






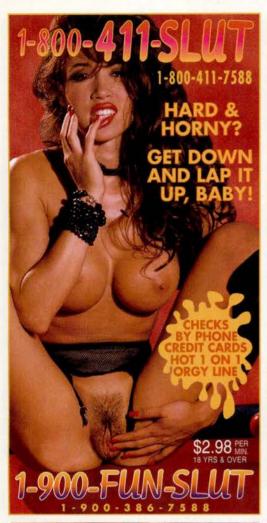








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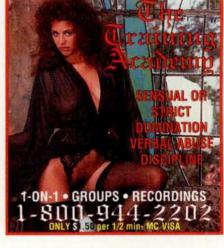
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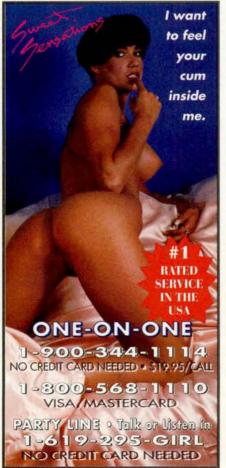


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"This was a unique rubber because it went on baggy, even more so than some of the larger sizes," noted John. "But when Jane humped on top of me, the latex clung like Saran Wrap around my pole."

FUCKABILITY

Finally, John and Jane Doe put aside all lofty aesthetic and scientific goals to conduct the only test that really matters: nonstop fucking.

John emerged from the dank, musky bedroom an ardent supporter of Kimono condoms.

"All three variations—Kimono, Kimono Sensation and Maxx Plus—felt sturdy, yet more sensitive than any other brand on the market," raved John. "The basic Kimono is polished with just the right amount of lubrication, and even though the latex seemed to bunch up during the first few strokes, I actually forgot I was wearing protection when I came. That's like a standing ovation from my dick.

"Kimono Sensation adds little raised 'Sensi-Dots' to the condom's inside, which detracted somewhat from the overall feeling. However, my staying power increased, which made Sensation my pick of the litter. Maxx Plus was a larger size, and although I'm not the biggest guy on earth, I really appreciated extra comfort that didn't threaten to fall off at any moment. I'm completely impressed by these condoms, but don't think I'm going to buy a Jap-

anese car or anything because of them."

When Jane chose her favorites, she was not swayed by the various marketing gimmicks intended "for her pleasure."

"The ribbed condoms didn't feel any different. And Rough Rider, the studded brand," she shudders, "snagged in my pussy. I liked Beyond Seven Plus, which came with its own little carrying case. It looked just like a compact! Oh, yeah, it felt really good when we screwed. John said it was nice and thin, and it rolled off easily. Sheik Classic was another one I particularly noticed because it felt so strong and smooth. At first I thought it was too greasy, but then I got really greasy, if you know what I mean."

Trojan scored some points when John donned that brand's Very Sensitive condom.

"This was a unique rubber because it went on baggy, even more so than some of the larger sizes," noted John. "But when Jane humped on top of me, the latex clung like Saran Wrap around my pole. An interesting sensation, not unlike that of the Naturalamb condom—except Trojan Very Sensitive didn't tear."

Unfortunately, the same manufacturer was also responsible for Trojan Mentor,

the evening's most unpopular selection.

"Where do I begin?" laughs Jane. "First of all, the condom is rolled up inside this giant rubber hood. I took one look and said, 'John, you will not be sticking that thing inside me.' The hood turned out to be an 'applicator,' which, when he finally forced it on, made John's dick look like a little Ku Klux Klan member."

John's complaint with the Mentor was of a more personal nature.

"The damn thing has glue around the base! I already snag pubic hair every time I unroll a condom; I don't need to tear off my skin too! The box claims this adhesive strip will help the Mentor stay on 'even after loss of erection.' Well if you don't have a hard-on, what the hell are you fucking for?" Simplicity, it seems, is paramount when selecting a superior spunk-wallet.

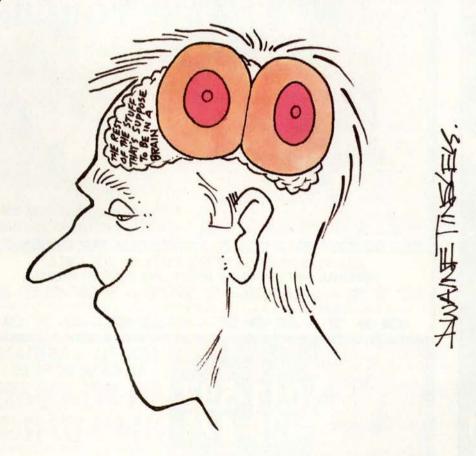
John and Jane's other major complaints concerned the "luxury" brand Sagami.

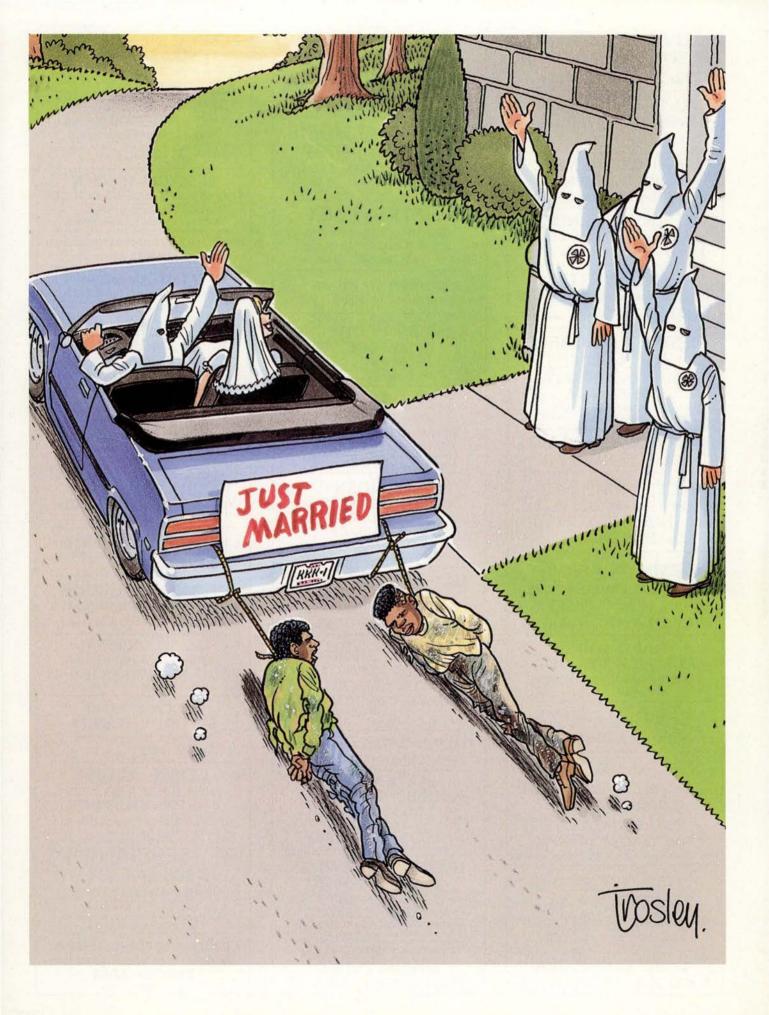
"The condom was a pretty shade of emerald, but when John rolled it on, I thought his wang had gangrene," Jane sighs. "I should have known this was a disgusting condom when I read the box: Sagami is rated number one in France. I dated a French guy for two months, and he was every bit as oily, foul-smelling and bad in bed as Sagami."

What does the future hold for penile prophylactics?

Perhaps the Reality Female Condom is the shape of things to come in. With a whopping price tag of \$3.98 per condom, Reality is a greasy, uncomfortable-looking, gigantic plastic pouch framed by a large, flexible plastic hoop at each end. The closed hoop is forced up inside the woman's vagina, with the open one hanging outside the cunt lips as a bull's-eye for retarded fuckers. Porking the Reality-lined pussy is most reminiscent of a distinctly sexual non-reality: intercourse with an inflatable love doll.

The world can only pray that the wasted energy that went into developing Reality and other specialty prophylactics will someday be directed toward eliminating the need for condoms altogether. If the scientific community adopted HUSTLER's diligence, determination and unflagging vision of a sexual landscape unscarred by AIDS, venereal disease and unwanted pregnancy, perhaps everyone could get fucking real. Play it safe, and live to see that day.





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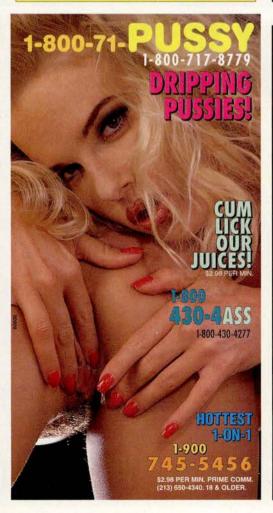
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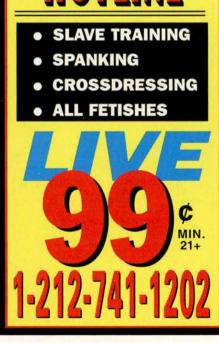


























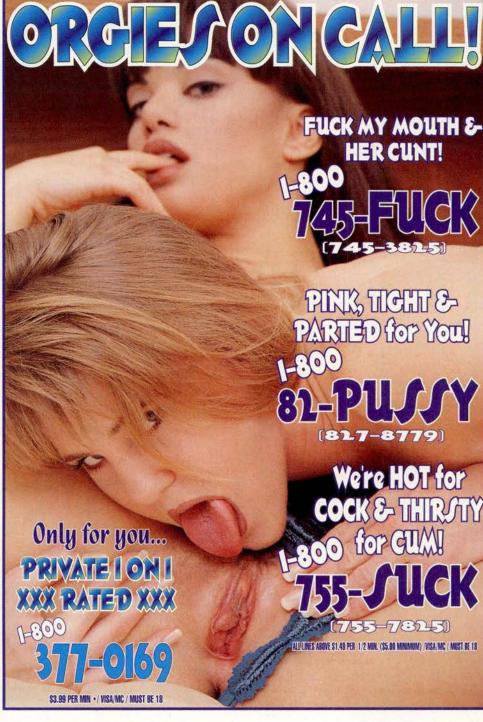




















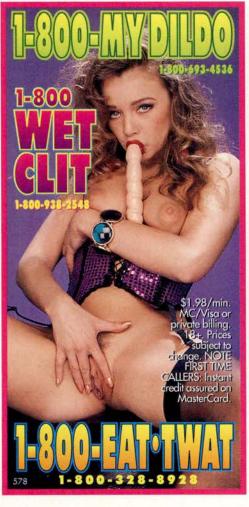


















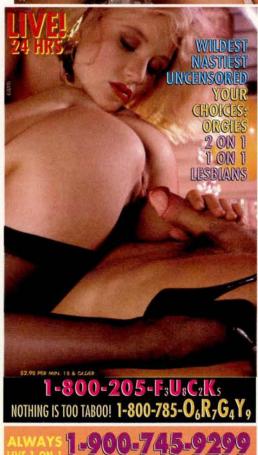












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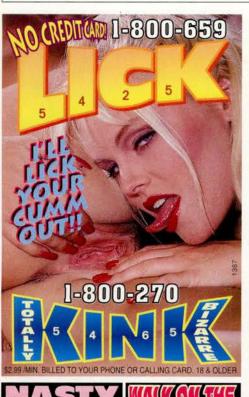


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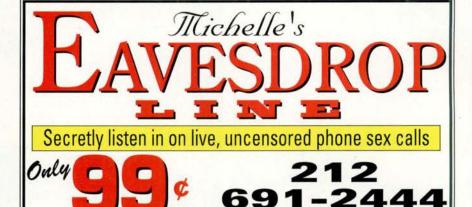




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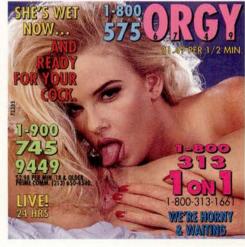




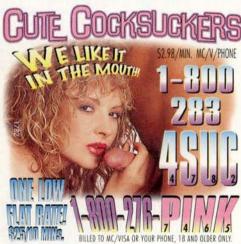










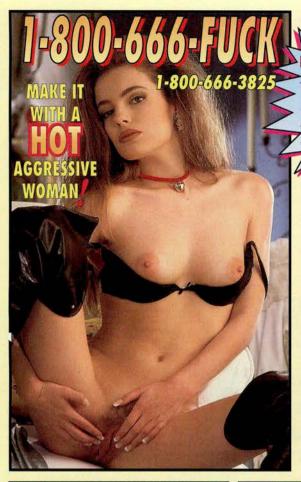




















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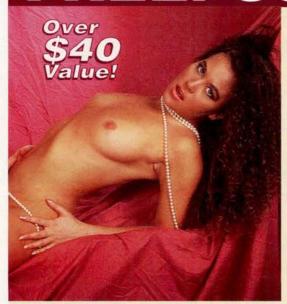








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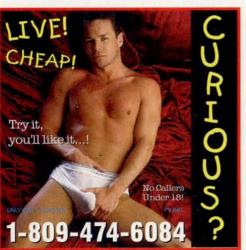
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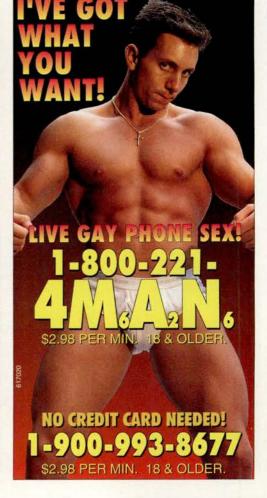












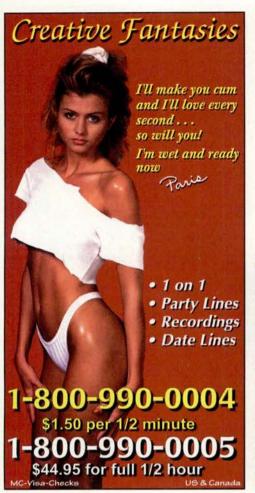


















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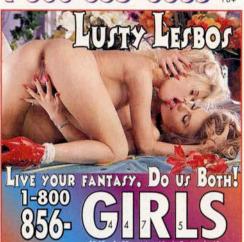
















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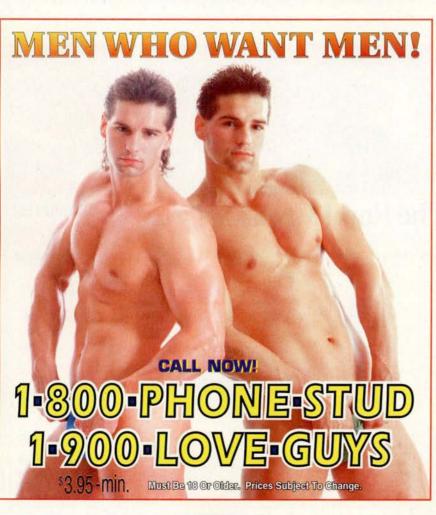
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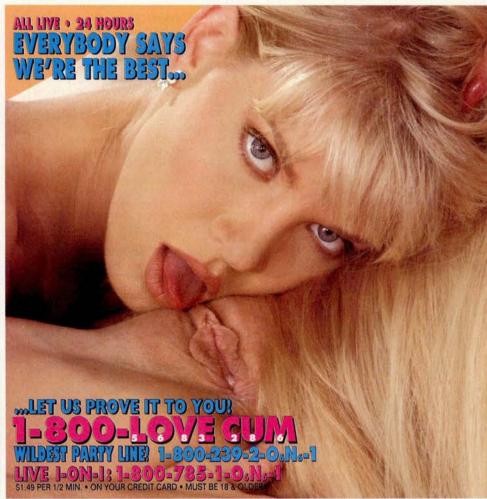
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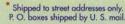
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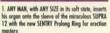


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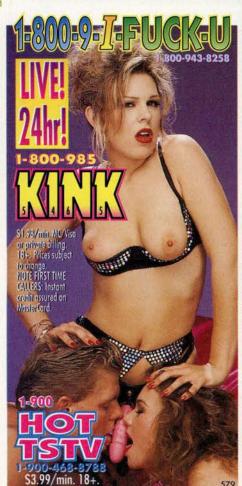
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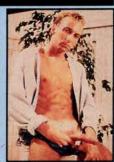
Before using the Penis Pump, Chris' penis is thin and small, about 3 inches



In this photo, Chris inserts his small penis into the pump.



Chris has Above. grown 2 to 3 inches but has not reached his maximum potential



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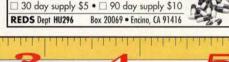
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March HUSTLER on sale January 16, 1996



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Come like a lion and go off on a mam with HUSTLER in March, one of the hottest, hardest issues in the history of America's Magazine. Penetrating pictorials plunge into the amorous, after-hours activity of a bartender who gives his comely, cum-thirsty customer a tip, lending new meaning to the term "watering hole"; a henna-tinted, hugely-hootered homeowner prowls the premises of her gothic mansion with a hungry mongrel at leash's end, only to discover the sexiest big-breasted blond burglar ever to catch a queef; and a baby-faced and bare-assed beauty with a mane of sandy brown hair almost as spectacular as the tuft above her bright pink lips of love. Take a breather by counting the microscopic, golden hairs on the perfect ass of an exotic, sun-kissed cutie surrounded by sunflowers; come up for air and a roll in the hay with the farmer's platinum-blond daughter, a saucy wench in cowgirl boots and little else. HUSTLER in March leaves all comers completely satisfied, and begging for more.



Surveys show that up to 10% of adult U.S. rape victims are men—and those are just the guys who are willing to admit it. The secret shame of male-on-male rape is blown wide open in Jon Mescal's exposé *Cold-Cocked*, a chilling reminder that forced sodomy isn't just for prison anymore. Hear from the casualties of many a red-blooded stud's worst nightmare—as well as the assailants, who stalk the streets and consider their fellow man just another notch on a beaten and bloodied belt. *Cold-Cocked* is a peer into the predator's mind that HUSTLER readers cannot afford to ignore.



Take a different kind of dirty back road with loony porn king Gregory Dark, as he tours the seamiest sides of Sunset Boulevard in *Hollywood by Dark*. See pimps decked out in leopard-skin splendor deck hoes and check "five-oh." Smell the desperation as little girls give in to animal instincts for the flash of cash. Feel the heat as a gutter-gorgeous streetwalker goes against the groin, looking for her back-alley Daddy. HUSTLER scribe Selwyn Harris transcribes Mr. Dark's wild ride; don't get caught in the headlights.



Get back behind the wheel as writer Christopher Seymour explores the squealing, smoking, savage world of dirt-track racing, the most dangerous and exciting new wrinkle in the realm of adrenaline. Erotic Entertainment corrals the latest round-up of video vixens, with hot photographic evidence of their steaming screen sluttery. Bits & Pieces turns a jaundiced satirical eye to everything from the dawn of man to Madison Avenue. Hot Letters enlists for the wettest sex in the military, as one soldier recounts how shore leave became whore leave. Beaver Hunt reveals the naughtiest next-door neighbors ever to spread wide and invite readers inside—and the Beaver Hunt Video Contest is off and running, revolutionizing the way America watches home movies. HUSTLER in March arrives with a bang and gets off with a smile. For new depths of probing excitement, don't be late.







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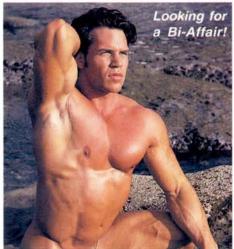
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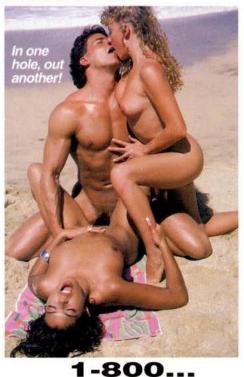
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